

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 823.—10 March, 1860.

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In a very few pages our readers have a reprint of the whole of the famous pamphlet—"The Pope and the Congress,"—which, translated into many languages, is now agitating all Europe, and especially the Italians. It is the beginning of a new era in the Church of Rome: a controversy urged by a man who "commands legions."

In the next number "The Luck of Ladysmede" continues. Has the reader divined the name of the great man who is about to emerge? But—we must not tell. There will be an article on the grand subject—"The Silence of Scripture."

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From The Cornhill Magazine.
TITHONUS.

AY me! ay me! the woods decay and fall,
The vapors weep their burden to the ground,
Man comes and tills the earth and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man—
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
To his great heart none other than a God!
I ask'd thee, "Give me immortality."
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
But thy strong hours indignant work'd their
wills,

And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,
And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with
tears

To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:
Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men,
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders
pure,

And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and that wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd
manes,

And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
In silence, then before thine answer given
Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,
In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
"The Gods themselves cannot recall their
gifts."

AY me! ay me! with what another heart
In days far-off, and with what other eyes
I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—
The lucid outline forming round thee, saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings,
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my
blood

Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm

With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd
Whispering, I knew not what, of wild and sweet,
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not forever in thine East:
How can my nature longer mix with thine?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the
steam

Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, and restore me to the ground;
Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave:
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A WIFE.

THE wife sat thoughtfully turning over
A book inscribed with the school-girl's name;
A tear—one tear—fell hot on the cover
She quickly closed when her husband came.

He came, and he went away—it was nothing—
With cold, calm words upon either side;
But, just at the sound of the room-door shut-
ting,

A dreadful door in her soul stood wide.

Love, she had read of in sweet romances,—
Love that could sorrow, but never fail,
Built her own palace of noble fancies,
All the wide world a fairy tale.

Bleak and bitter, and utterly doleful,
Spreads to this woman her map of life;
Hour after hour she looks in her soul, full
Of deep dismay and turbulent strife.

Face in both hands, she knelt on the carpet;
The black cloud loosen'd, the storm-rain fell;
Oh! life has so much to wilder and warp it,—
One poor heart's day what poet could tell?
—Once a Week.

A

SONNET.

ANOTHER rolling year has swept away
A deep and thrilling chord of hopes and fears
Suspended unresolved,—and yet, to-day,
December through the gloom once more ap-
pears;

His step falls noiseless on the yellow leaves
Stripp'd from the naked boughs by gusty
showers,

And round his brow the dying Autumn weaves
An empty wreath of faded passion-flowers.
Month follows month: the summer roses die,
December's worthless leaves we hold instead:
Still shall the early snowdrops, by and by,
Spring up, with tender message from the
dead;

And we, subdued by winter's snow and rain,
May smile through chast'ning tears when sun
shine breaks again.

H. H.

—Once a Week.

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *The Works of William Cowper; his Life, Letters, and Poems.* Edited by the Rev. T. Grimshawe. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1854.
2. *The Works of William Cowper, comprising his Poems, Correspondence, and Translations; with a Life of the Author by the Editor, Robert Southey.* 8 vols. London, 1853-54.
3. *Poetical Works of William Cowper.* Edited by Robert Bell. 3 vols. London, 1854.
4. *The Poetical Works of William Cowper.* Edited by the Rev. R. A. Willmott. 1 vol. London, 1855.

THERE is probably no English poet whose works are so frequently reprinted as those of Cowper. His literary excellence has won him thousands of readers who cared little for his piety, and his piety has recommended him to a large class of persons who would not have been attracted by his literary excellence alone. The perfect knowledge we have of the man, of his amiable disposition, and his pathetic story, have added to the charm of his writings. His poetry and his life have reacted upon each other. If it is his verse which gives importance to his biography, his biography has increased the interest which attaches to his verse.

The grandfather of Cowper was the brother of the celebrated Lord Chancellor, and was himself one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas. The most memorable incident of his life was his trial for the murder of Miss Stout, a young Quaker lady who had conceived for him an ardent attachment. She lived at Hertford with her mother, who was the widow of a rich malster, and Spencer Cowper supped at their house when going the circuit as a barrister in March, 1699. A bed had been prepared for him, and, after Mrs. Stout had retired, her daughter ordered the maid to go and warm it. When the servant returned to the parlor the room was empty. Nothing more was seen of Miss Stout till she was found dead next morning in the river that runs through the town. The explanation given by Spencer Cowper was, that while the maid was absent he refused to sleep in the house, and proceeded straight to his lodgings. The young lady, it must be inferred, immediately went and drowned herself in a paroxysm of vexation. The summing up of the judge at the trial was strangely

ambiguous, and the jury did not agree to a verdict of acquittal without considerable deliberation. Though there was no evidence to show that Spencer Cowper was guilty, it seemed to be thought a sufficient ground for hesitation that it was impossible to demonstrate his innocence.

The second son of Spencer was the father of the poet. His mother was Anne Donne. The Cowpers were descended from a baronet of the time of James I.; but Miss Donne could trace her descent by four distinct lines from King Henry III. The poet alluded to this circumstance in the famous piece which he wrote upon receiving her picture:—

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the
earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
The son of parents passed into the skies."

These parents lived at Great Berkhamstead of which parish Dr. Cowper was rector, and there William was born on the 15th of November (old style), 1731. The death of his mother in 1737, when he was six years old, brought him worse sorrow than the tears which he describes himself as shedding on the occasion, for it was the cause of his immediate removal to a school at Market Street, in Hertfordshire. The premature transition from her fostering care to the rude discipline of a crowd of boys would in any case have wounded his gentle spirit, but the trial was enormously aggravated by the barbarities of a ruffian whose delight was to torture him. "I well remember," writes the poet, "being afraid to lift my eyes upon him higher than his knees, and I knew him better by his shoe-buckles than any other part of his dress." The cruelty was not detected till it had been continued for a couple of years: the culprit was then expelled, and his victim was taken from the school. The ill-usage he had received was not the only reason for the step. Specks had appeared upon his eyes, and threatened to spread. He was in consequence domiciled for another year with an eminent oculist. The spots did not yield to treatment, and when he was thirteen years of age he owed his recovery to a severe attack of small-pox. It is singular that this disease, which so frequently destroyed the sight, should have restored his to its pristine clearness.

In his tenth year he was sent to Westminster School. In his "Personal Narrative," of

the incidents which bore upon the formation of his religious character, he said that if he "never tasted true happiness there, he was at least equally unacquainted with its contrary." By "true" he then meant spiritual happiness. In any other sense of the term it was a cheerful period, for he excelled in games, especially cricket and foot-ball, as well as in his studies; and whether he was in the playground or the class, he had all the enjoyment which attends upon success. When he denounced public schools in his "Tirocinium" for their want of moral discipline, he yet paid an emphatic tribute to the pleasure enjoyed at them. His athletic prowess beguiled him into a strange idea. He conceived the fancy that, as he was strong and active, and had an even pulse, he, perhaps, might never die. He entertained the notion, "with no small complacency," till some consumptive symptoms convinced him that he was mortal. These symptoms he concealed, for he thought that any bodily infirmity was a disgrace, and especially a consumption. His pride was to be manly.

While he was passing through the fifth form, Vincent Bourne, celebrated for his Latin poetry, was the usher. He was slovenly to the point of being disgusting, and as good-natured as he was dirty. The Duke of Richmond once set fire to his greasy locks, and boxed his ears to put it out again. His indolence rendered his accomplishments useless to his pupils. "I lost," says Cowper, "more than I got by him, for he made me as idle as himself. He was so inattentive to his boys, and so indifferent whether they brought him good or bad exercises, or none at all, that he seemed determined, as he was the best, so to be the last Latin poet of the Westminster line." The pupil certainly acquired none of the master's skill in classic composition. The Latin verses of Cowper are not harmonious in numbers, pure in expression, or even forcible in sentiment. He gained, however, as much learning as is usually possessed by the most forward schoolboy, and, imbued with the doctrines of the place, valued all persons according to their proficiency in his own pursuits. A little experience of the world taught him, he says, that there were other attainments which would carry a man more handsomely through life than perpetually revolving and expounding what Homer and Virgil had left behind them.

With the benefits of Westminster he did not escape a vice which is always common in societies where the detection of a fault is followed by punishment. He became, according to his own account, an adept in falsehood, and was seldom guilty of a misdemeanor that he could not invent an apology capable of deceiving the wisest. The power of deception depends much on the amount of confidence reposed in the deceiver, and the gentle manners, ingenuous countenance, and general good behavior of the boy had probably a larger share in procuring a ready belief to his tales than any extraordinary proficiency to which he had attained in the arts of imposition. "As universal a practice," says Swift, "as lying is, and easy as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty." This remark of an acute observer of human nature, that lies are generally as weak as they are wicked, is worthy to be treasured by men who fear no other consequences than discovery, though Swift fell into the fallacy of assuming that he had always detected the falsehoods, whereas those which were most ingenious may have been mistaken by him for truths.

At the age of eighteen the classical enthusiast was removed from school, and after passing nine months at home was in 1749, sent, full of his Greek and Latin authors, to the office of a London solicitor. He turned with disgust from the dull and plodding business of the law, and the master to whom he was articleed allowed him to be as idle as he desired. "I did actually," he wrote, "live three years with Mr. Chapman, that is to say, I slept three years in his house; but I lived, that is to say, I spent my days, in Southampton Row." Here resided an indulgent uncle, Ashley Cowper. He was so diminutive a person that when, late in life, he wore a white hat lined with yellow, the poet said that if it had been lined with pink he might have been gathered by mistake for a mushroom, and sent off in a basket. His kindness, worth, and sprightliness endeared him to his nephew; and dearer still were two daughters, one of whom married Sir Thomas Hesketh, and the other gave her affections to the truant law-clerk. He had for his fellow-pupil the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who was equally beguiled by the attractions of the young ladies. He commonly accompanied his friend

to Southampton Row, where they were "constantly employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle." A quick mind and a strong constitution enabled Thurlow, who studied late and early, to repair the loss of his wasted hours, while the life of his companion was an unbroken holiday. "I am nobody," Cowper said to him several years later, as they were drinking tea at the house of two sisters, "and shall always be nobody, and you will be chancellor. You shall provide for me when you are." Thurlow smiled, and replied, "I surely will." "These ladies," said Cowper, "are witnesses;" and his friend rejoined, "Let them be so, for I will certainly do it." Such prognostications are too common to make their occasional fulfilment remarkable; and if the poet's prediction of the elevation of the future chancellor turned out true, his presentiment of his own insignificance proved just as false. His is now a far more celebrated name than that of Thurlow.

Cowper engaged in the law to gratify a most indulgent father, and not from any hope of success. The three years misspent in the attorney's office were followed, he says, by several more misspent in the Temple. He took chambers there in 1752, when he was twenty-one, and was shortly afterwards visited by the first attack of the distemper which embittered his life. While paying court to his fair cousin in Southampton Row, he was mortified at being disfigured by an obstinate eruption which broke out upon his face. After he had tried many remedies to no purpose, he had recourse to a quack, who cleared his skin of the humor, but drove the disease inwards. Horace Walpole mentions that George III. was suspected, not long before his marriage, of applying cosmetics for the same purpose, and with the same unhappy result. The predominant symptom with Cowper was a fearful dejection of mind. "Day and night," he says, "I was upon the rack, lying down in horror, and rising up in despair." He lost all relish for the classics, which had continued to be his task, and he pored the whole day over Herbert's poems, which he met with by accident. He was somewhat soothed by these pious strains, but they could not remove a melancholy which had its source in disease. In this condition he passed a twelvemonth. He was then recommended change of air, and went to Southampton. He had not been

there long when he walked one bright sunny morning to a beautiful spot about a mile from the town, and while he sat upon an eminence by the sea-side his heart became suddenly light. "Had I been alone," he says, "I could have wept with transport." He subsequently ascribed the relief he received to "the fiat of the Almighty." At the time he imputed it to change of scene and the amusing variety of the place, and inferred that nothing except a round of diversion could save him from a relapse. Before his visit to Southampton he had composed a set of prayers, and, feeling them to be inconsistent with his new resolution, he burnt them as soon as he got back to London. In his careless days it never occurred to him that the restorative effects of climate, like all the ordinary operations of nature, are the work of the Creator. In his better period he acknowledged the truth, but he appears to have forgotten it when, tracing his recovery to his Maker, he assumed that he must have been the subject of a supernatural interposition. It is a contracted piety which chiefly sees the hand of Providence in occasional acts, and overlooks the efficacy of pervading laws which at every instant, and in every particular, do his bidding.

The method which Cowper adopted to prevent his person appearing unattractive in the eyes of his mistress proved in its consequences fatal to the engagement. Her father refused his consent to a marriage between such near relations. His real objection was doubtless, as Southey conjectures, the morbid melancholy which indicated that the mind of his nephew was diseased. The lovers continued for a time to meet and to hope; but in 1755 they parted to meet no more. In that year Cowper addressed some lines to his Cousin Theodora, under her poetic name of Delia, expressing his belief that she would never allow a rival to displace him. She fulfilled an expectation which he uttered in the transient belief that she would always remain the cherished object of his heart. Though she survived till 1824, she died single, and retained a proud affection for him to the last. It may be inferred from his amatory poems, written when his passion was at its height, that the attachment on his part was not excessive, especially for a man of his ardent disposition, who could not, as he said, "love much without loving too much." They have the coldness of an exercise, and would not be sup-

posed to have been prompted by a real occasion. In a few verses entitled "Disappointment," and which exhibit more true feeling than any of his other pieces of the same date, he mourns his "lost mistress" and an old school friend, Sir William Russell, who had been recently drowned; but his anguish does not appear very poignant, and left no scar. His lament was composed in 1751, and in the following year he was lavishing his admiration upon a young lady at Greenwich, without any hope, it is true, that she could become Mrs. Cowper, but with too much fervor to be consistent with the notion that he cared any longer for Delia. A letter to her sister, Lady Hesketh, which bears the date of August, 1763, shows that it was then understood in the family that his affection was extinct, and that it was supposed he would miss no opportunity which occurred of bestowing it elsewhere. He informs her that he is bound for Margate, and that he knows what she expects to ensue; but the shipwreck of his fortunes was at hand, and, clearly describing what as yet was visible to no eye except his own, he warns her that a character such as his was not likely to be guilty of much fascination.

The time which Cowper snatched from indolence and pleasure was devoted to composition and the classics. So early had he acquired a keen relish for English literature that when he was only fourteen he read Milton, never an easy author, with rapturous delight:—

"New to my taste, his Paradise surpass'd
The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue
To speak its excellence; I danced for joy.
I marvel'd much that, at so ripe an age
As twice seven years, his beauties had then
first

Engaged my wonder, and admiring still,
And still admiring, with regret supposed
The joy half lost because not sooner found."*

He "prized and studied" Cowley, though in his manhood he was "reclaimed from the erroneous taste;" but both in childhood and in mature years he was charmed with the "Pilgrim's Progress," in which

"Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail."†

He commenced versifying at fourteen by translating an elegy of Tibullus. Nothing, however, has been preserved of an earlier date than a short piece in blank verse, which

* "The Task," book iv.

† "Tirocinium."

he wrote in his seventeenth year at Bath, "on finding the heel of a shoe." It is chiefly remarkable for displaying the precise style and turn of thought which he afterwards adopted in the mock-heroic portions of the "Task." Love, Dryden said, made every man, if not a poet, at least a rhymers. It only made Cowper the last. The political events of the time inspired him with a few halfpenny ballads, "two or three of which had the honor to become popular." He adds that his father before him excelled in this department of verse, and pointed out the best models to him. The patriotic effusions of the young Templar have been consigned to oblivion, and owed, we suspect, their short-lived success to the temporary interests excited by their topics. The poems he wrote during the first period of his authorship, which ended when he was thirty-one, are neither good in themselves nor give the slightest promise of future excellence. The thoughts are commonplace, the language bald, the verse without harmony. In the course of only nine stanzas which he penned on "Himself," the following words are coupled as rhymes—*spirit, bear it; perter, smarter; do, so; shapes, relapse; foolish, polish.* When he was twenty-eight he was still content with such similarity of sound as can be extracted out of *rhetoric, Greek; coarse, worse; steer, care; go, you; near, character.* Without spirit or polish, sterling matter or happy execution, the verses of Cowper seemed to indicate that, whatever else he might become, he could never be a poet.

The *Connoisseur* was edited by two of his schoolfellows, Colman and Thornton. All three were members of the "Nonsense Club," which consisted of seven men who had been educated at Westminster, and who dined together every Thursday. Cowper therefore naturally became a contributor to the *Connoisseur*, and in 1756 he furnished five numbers to the work. They are palpable imitations of the lighter parts of the *Spectator*, and, though destitute of nice discrimination of character and refinement of satire, are not without casual touches of humor. His third essay is "On keeping a Secret;" and so deeply was he impressed by his own lucubrations that he never divulged a secret afterwards. He did not always desire that his friends should practise the same reserve towards him; for years later he asked Mr. Newton to

pass on a confidential communication to Mrs. Unwin and himself, and urged as a reason, "No secret is less a secret for our participation in it." He who yielded to the argument was deprived of the power of sharing the boast. Cowper's paper is a feeble production; but there is great merit as well as truth in the passage in which he remonstrates against "scourging lads into treachery." "I remember a boy," he says, "engaged in robbing an orchard who was unfortunately taken prisoner in an apple-tree. Upon his absolute refusal to discover his associates, the pedagogue undertook to lash him out of his fidelity, but, finding this impossible, he at last gave him up for an obstinate villain, and sent him to his father, who told him he was ruined, and was going to disinherit him for not betraying his schoolfellows."

The productions of Cowper's pen were too brief and fitful to break in much upon his indolence. He had never seriously applied to the law, and the death of his father in 1756 removed the motive which induced him to adopt the profession. Well read in ancient and modern literature, endowed with a delightful vein of humor, and with an exquisite appreciation of it in others, he divided his time between his books, his associates, and the pleasures of the town. He indulged in the half-intellectual, half-dissipated existence which might be expected of an unmarried and accomplished young man, who had no other object than to amuse himself. "I lead," he wrote in 1758, "an idle and therefore a most delightful life." The little patrimony which enabled him to pass his days in this easy fashion was wellnigh spent, and he began to be apprehensive of approaching want, when in 1763 three clerkships of the House of Lords fell vacant, which were the patent right of his cousin and intimate friend, Major Cowper. The major offered him the two most lucrative of these offices. He accepted the "splendid proposal;" and in his own language, "seemed at the same instant to receive a dagger into his heart." The stab came from no more momentous cause than the recollection that the duties, though almost mechanical, were discharged in public. However much he was at home with his facetious and jovial companions, they had not helped to banish his native-shyness. Many years afterwards, on warning a young acquaintance against the "vicious fear," which had proved

"his own ruin," he told him that the mingling with men of pleasure would not cure it, but would rather increase it in more sober society. The bashfulness inherent in Cowper's disposition had been aggravated by the disease which shook his understanding ten years before. The notion of doing any thing, however easy, where there were ears to hear and eyes to behold him, was quite intolerable; and, after spending a week in torment, he prevailed on his kinsman to allow him to relinquish his two appointments for the worst of the three posts, which, if less profitable, was more private. His satisfaction at the change was of short duration. A party among the peers questioned the major's right of nomination, and determined at any rate to harass his candidates by a searching examination into their qualifications at the bar of the House. "I knew," said Cowper, "to demonstration that upon these terms the clerkship of the journals was no place for me. They whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves on any occasion is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horrors of my situation; others can have none." While feeling it impossible to face the ordeal, it seemed equally impossible to give up competence for poverty, and brave the censure and contempt of his friends. The conflicting emotions brought on a fever. With an enfeebled body and a mind upon the rack, he attended daily for upwards of six months at the clerk's office to acquire the necessary information, and all this time he turned over the leaves of the journals without any comprehension of what he read. That he should have submitted to a torture as useless as it was protracted was the necessary consequence of his being just as impotent to fly as to combat.

The vacation arrived, and amid the pleasures of Margate he managed to shut out the alarming prospect from his view. But when October saw him again in London, with the day of trial drawing near, his misery returned with redoubled violence. Lifting up his eyes to heaven in a spirit of rancorous reproach against his Maker, he cursed aloud the hour of his birth. He had a foreboding that insanity was impending, and ardently desired it, that it might relieve him from his dilemma. His apprehension that it would not seize him in time seemed likely to be verified. The dreadful ordeal approached, and he was still

in his senses. He therefore turned his thoughts to self-destruction as his sole remaining resource. In his happier hours the idea of death had made him shudder. He now welcomed it as a deliverance from a more agonizing fear. He easily persuaded himself that what he desired was lawful, or, allowing it to be criminal, that the torments of hell would be more endurable than his present distress. On two occasions at taverns he got into a conversation with a total stranger upon suicide. Each of these persons agreed that it was one of the rights of man to live on or to die at his own discretion. Cowper had doubtless introduced the topic, and given the tone to the argument. What with him had a real and frightful meaning was nothing more with his chance companions than idle babble. He considered it, nevertheless, decisive of the question that he should have met with an independent concurrence of sentiment in a couple of lax talkers, who, unprincipled as they were, would have shrunk from the responsibility of advising him to destroy himself if they had known that he was about to act upon their opinions. His scruples removed, he determined to be in readiness, and one evening in November purchased half an ounce of laudanum.

He was now within a week of the period when he was to appear at the bar of the House of Lords. That he might not lose the chance of any turn of events in his favor, he resolved to put off drinking the poison till the very last moment. In proportion as the thoughts of a man are fixed upon himself, he is apt to imagine that others are thinking of him likewise. In insanity there is often an intensity of personal consciousness which makes its victim fancy that he is the object of allusions which have not the remotest connection with him. The morning before the day which was to decide his fate, Cowper read in a newspaper a letter which he was convinced was a satire upon himself, and designed by the writer to goad him on to self-destruction. "Your cruelty," he inwardly exclaimed, "shall be gratified; you shall have your revenge!" Flinging down the journal in a passion, he rushed out of the coffee-room and made his way to the fields with the intention of committing suicide in some retired ditch. When the moment arrived to die his purpose wavered, and the idea struck him that he might hide his head abroad, and thus get rid of the

whole of his perplexities. He would sell what he had in the funds, and when his money was spent he could change his religion; and obtain an asylum in a monastery. He hastened to his chambers, and commenced packing up his portmanteau. Action in his infirm and tumultuous state of mind at once produced vacillation. Again suicide appeared the preferable plan, and this time he resolved to perish by drowning. He got into a coach and drove to a frequented part of the river. The water was low, and a porter was sitting upon some goods on the bank. The least check sufficed to turn him from a design which he feared to execute. He went back to the coach, drew up the shutters, and made an attempt to drink off his laudanum. The mere effort filled him with terror, and his whole body shook with a convulsive agitation. "Distracted," he says, "between the desire of death and the dread of it, twenty times I had the phial to my mouth, and as often received an irresistible check; it seemed to me that an invisible hand swayed the bottle downwards as I set it against my lips." Unable to conquer the fear which was the cause of the phenomenon, he alighted at the Temple and repeated the experiment in his own apartment. Filled with disdain at his "pitiful timidity," he put forth his hand towards the laudanum with "the most confirmed resolution." His fingers suddenly contracted in the effort, and this, which was the effect of the terror always renewed at the critical moment, appeared to him to have "the air of a divine interposition." He stopped to muse upon the incident. He ended by being convinced that suicide was a crime, and in a fury of indignation threw his laudanum out of the window.

His mind oscillated from death to life, and from life back to death. His scruples of conscience had no sooner served the purpose of staying execution than the opposite evils were again in the ascendant, and he returned to the conclusion that self-destruction was his only means of deliverance. He sat brooding in his chamber the remainder of the day without making any fresh attempt to destroy himself, but when he went to bed it was with the resolution not to see the morning light. He fell asleep, woke at three o'clock, immediately got his penknife, and for two or three hours kept it directed to his heart. The point was broken off, and when he occasion-

ally pressed upon it, as he thought with all his might, but evidently with nerveless indecision, it did not enter the flesh. Day dawned, and the hour was at hand when a friend was to call and accompany him to Westminster. The approach of the dreaded minute infused into him an energy that he had not known before. He fastened his garter to an iron pin at the top of the bed-post and attempted to hang himself. The pin bent with his weight, and his halter slipped off. He tied it next to the frame of the tester, which instantly snapped short. He then formed a loop at the opposite end of his garter, threw it over the top corner of his half-open door, and, pushing away the chair upon which he stood, hung till he was unconscious. The garter broke before life was extinct, and he fell upon the floor. Hearing his own dreadful groans as sensibility began to return, he thought himself in hell. In a few seconds he realized his situation, and staggered back to bed. Presently his laundress came to light the fire. He sent for his patron, pointed to the garter, and related to him what had occurred. The major replied, "You terrify me; to be sure you cannot hold the office at this rate." He carried away with him the form of appointment, and Cowper was relieved of the horrible phantom which day and night had affrighted him for months, and driven him to these mournful attempts at suicide.

The trial at an end which had induced him to seek a refuge in the grave, his mind instantly reverted to the guilt of the proceeding. From the sin of self-destruction he was led to reflect upon the other transgressions of his life. His time, since his illness in 1752, had been passed by his own account in that "uninterrupted course of sinful indulgence" which he concluded would be for his mind's health when he burnt his prayers. His conscience sometimes pricked him, but his usual remedy was to banish thought. Averse as he was to the practice of Christianity, he retained a hesitating, theoretical belief. His latent principles were roused if he "heard the Gospel blasphemed;" and, when half intoxicated at convivial meetings, he would argue vehemently in its favor with his infidel companions. A deistical friend once cut short the disputation by alleging, that, if what he said was true, he would by his own showing be certainly damned. He had the conviction

that this presage was about to be fulfilled. The terrors which assailed him were as great as when the examination was impending; they had merely changed their direction, and the belief that he had incurred the wrath of the Almighty overwhelmed him with misery. He conceived the idea that when the Saviour pronounced a curse upon the barren fig-tree he had him in his mind. He took up a volume of Beaumont and Fletcher, and immediately caught his eye upon the words "The justice of the gods is in it." He inwardly exclaimed, "It is of a truth." He could hardly open a book without the first sentence upon which he lighted appearing to be some express condemnation of himself. He bought a ballad that a man was singing in the street because he believed that he was the subject of it. He imagined the people stared and laughed at him, and that his acquaintances either avoided him or spoke to him in scorn. If any thing diverted his attention for an instant from his despairing ideas, a flash, he says, from hell was darted into his heart, and the question was forced upon him, "What is this to me who am damned?" He soon inferred that he had been guilty of the unpardonable sin "by his neglect to improve the mercies of God at Southampton." Two circumstances confirmed the impression. In a reverie between waking and sleeping he fancied that the iron gate of the choir of Westminster Abbey was flung violently in his face as he was about to enter to attend the prayers. "A sentence," he says, "of excommunication from all the churches upon the earth could not have been so dreadful to me as the interpretation which I could not avoid putting upon this dream." The other evil prognostication grew out of an effort to repeat the creed for the purpose of testing his faith. Such an experiment to a man with his mind overthrown, and in the depths of religious despondency, was sure to agitate him to the centre. When he reached the second sentence the first was obliterated from his memory. He endeavored to recover it, and just as he was about to succeed a tremulous sensation in the fibres of his brain defeated the attempt. He was thrown into agony by the omen. He made another trial, and the effect was precisely the same. He no longer doubted that it was a supernatural interposition to inform him that he had no part whatever in the truths expressed in the creed. His despera-

tion was complete. His knees knocked against each other, and "he howled with horror." He had a sensation like that of real fire in his heart, and he concluded that it was meant to be a token and a foretaste of the eternal flames. He composed some Sapphics, in which he describes himself as "more abhorred than Judas;" and while exclaiming that hatred and vengeance are waiting with impatience to seize his soul, he deems it an aggravation of his lot that hell is bolted against him lest it should afford him some shelter from his miseries.*

In this deplorable condition he remembered his cousin Martin Madan,† an evangelical clergyman, whom he had hitherto thought an enthusiast, and to whom he now turned as his best hope of relief. Madan proved to him from the Bible that Jesus Christ was a sacrifice for sin, and Cowper gathered a gleam of comfort from a doctrine which he instantly saw was adapted to his case, though he questioned whether the pardon purchased for others would be extended to him. Up to this time, he says, "I was as much unacquainted with the Redeemer in all his saving offices as if his name had never reached me." He was revolving the subject with comparative calmness when a fresh attack supervened. The anxieties of his mind had begun by disordering his brain. The process was now reversed, and the increase of the physical

malady brought back his mental alarms. He was in that state in which

"Nature breeds
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd or fear conceived."*

The character which these chimæras assumed was determined by the predominant direction of his thoughts. He awoke one morning with the sound of torments ringing in his ears. "Satan," he says, "plied me close with horrible visions and more horrible voices. As he walked up and down his room in dismay, expecting the earth to open and swallow him up, a horrible darkness came over him, and with it a sensation of a heavy blow within his head. He cried out with the pain, his expressions grew confused, and it became evident to his friends that he was too far gone to be at large. He had a slight acquaintance with an amiable physician, who kept a private asylum at St. Alban's, and to whom he paid in later years the graceful compliment of designating him as

"Cotton, whose humanity sheds rays
That make superior skill his second praise."†
The unhappy patient was placed under his care on the 7th of December, and afterwards reckoned it a special instance of the Providence which attended him throughout, that he should have fallen into such beneficent hands instead of being consigned to some London practitioner.

Cowper dated his madness from the moment when he felt as if he had received a blow upon his brain. As long as his thoughts remained coherent he seems to have considered himself sane. In the midst of the wild disarray of his ideas his conviction of the terrible nature of his sins, and his expectation of instant judgment, continued clear and uninterrupted. Five months were spent in this awful delusion. By long familiarity with the prospect he began to grow indifferent to it. He determined that, pending the execution of the sentence, he would endeavor to enjoy himself. He laughed at the stories of Dr. Cotton, and told him some of his own to match them. He even regretted that he had not indulged his appetites more freely, and envied those miserable spirits who had run the round of sensuality before they met the

* Milton, "Paradise Lost." Book ii.

† Hope.

* The fourth stanza concludes with the lines,—

"I'm called, if vanquished, to receive a sentence
Worse than Abiram's;"

and the expression, "if vanquished," was pronounced by Southey to be evidently a mistake. "He did not," Mr. Willmott justly remarks, "remember the history in the sixteenth chapter of Numbers, where Dathan and Abiram, the leaders of a rebellion against Moses, are resolved to abide the consequences of it. Accordingly, they were vanquished, and the opening of the earth was the result of the defeat." Cowper thought their fate preferable to his own, because they were engulfed at once; while of himself he says,—

"I, fed with judgment, in a fleshly tomb am
Buried above ground."

Southey supposed that "*fed with judgment*" was another corruption, from his not being aware of the phraseology of the Bible—"I will feed them with judgment." Ez. xxxiv. 16.

† There was a double connection between him and the poet. Cowper's aunt, Judith Cowper, married Colonel Madan, the father of Martin, and Martin's sister married her cousin Major Cowper, whose kindly patronage had produced the present catastrophe.

just retribution of their deeds. Notwithstanding that these notions savored of insanity, and that he retained his belief in his dreadful doom, his inclination towards cheerfulness was the turning-point in his malady. This second and milder stage of the disorder had lasted nearly three months, when he was visited (July 25, 1764) by his only and much loved brother, who was a Fellow of Ben'et College, Cambridge. Cowper gave vent to the fixed idea of his mind—his expectation of sudden judgment. His brother protested that the whole was a delusion. The vehemence with which he spoke arrested the attention of the poor patient, who, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "If it be a delusion I am the happiest of beings!" Hour by hour his hope increased. His visions that night were pleasing instead of gloomy, and at breakfast next morning he had a growing conviction that the decree of condemnation was not irrevocable. For weeks he had never opened the Bible. His reviving spirits induced him to take it up, and the first verse which met his eye was the twenty-fifth of the third of Romans,—“Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God.” In the crisis of his disorder he would have thought that he was specially excepted from the blessing. His reason having returned, he did not hesitate to take the doctrine to himself. “Unless,” he says, “the Almighty arm had been under me, I think I should have died with gratitude and joy. My eyes filled with tears, and my voice was choked with transport. I could only look up to heaven in silent fear, overwhelmed with love and wonder.” It might be inferred, both from Cowper's letters and poetry, that, apart from his insanity, his temperament was tranquil, and that a composed cheerfulness was more congenial to him than the ebullitions of enthusiasm. It was entirely otherwise. “My feelings,” he wrote to Mr. Unwin, “are all of the intense kind. I never received a *little* pleasure from any thing in my life; if I am delighted, it is in the extreme.” The sudden rebound from months of agonizing despair to unclouded happiness produced the utmost violence of transport. Dr. Cotton was alarmed lest it should terminate in a fatal frenzy. But the ecstasies of joy are more transient than the visitations

of pain, and the danger from this source was not of long duration. Yet an unusual exultation animated him for weeks. If he did but mention the name of the Redeemer tears of thanksgiving were ready to run down his cheeks. He was too elated to sleep much, and grudged every hour spent in slumber. “To rejoice,” he says, “day and night was all my employment.” He celebrated the mercy which had visited him in a hymn entitled “The Happy Change.” It was not in the pride of authorship that he wrote. He tells us that when his passions were roused he had always recourse to verse as the only adequate vehicle for his impetuous thoughts. To keep silence was impossible, and no prose which was not inflated could, in his own opinion, have done justice to his conceptions.

The “Personal Narrative,” of Cowper is a complete refutation of the popular notion that religion made him mad. Both his attacks arose from causes that had no connection with it, and when the subject engaged no part of his attention. In the first visitation it was only after the disease had taken root that he sought relief from prayer, which he abandoned the moment his health was restored. In the second and more terrible concussion of his mind it was not till his frenzy had driven him to attempt suicide that his conscience took alarm, and diverted his attention from what would equally have fed the disease—the ruin of his prospects, his personal disgrace, the censure, or worse, the compassion of his friends. Being already insane when he commenced the review of his past life, he saw it of necessity through the distorting medium of a disordered imagination. Rational for the most part as were his conceptions of Christianity, he may even, when he was convalescent, have overrated the enormity of some of his actions. But his testimony to facts must not be confounded with the interpretation he put upon them. Although his judgments in one or two particulars may have been erroneous, his statements of what he really did and thought bear the stamp of scrupulous fidelity, and, if their accuracy is admitted, he did not err in concluding that his general conduct called for bitter repentance. He had not, indeed, lived a life of open profligacy—for those, he says, who knew him best esteemed him a “good sort of man;” but he had passed his days in self-indulgence, and in the total neglect of religion. He had en-

tirely abandoned the practice of devotion, and seems not to have believed in its efficacy. When, subsequent to his conversion, he told his friend Hill that he could only return his kindness by prayers, he added, "If you should laugh at my conclusion I should not be angry, though I should be grieved. It is not long since I should have laughed at such a recompense myself." In a word, while professing a belief in Christianity, he held it folly to pay in practice any allegiance to the Creator. "I thought," he says, "the service of my Maker and Redeemer an unnecessary labor; I despised those who thought otherwise; and if they spoke of the love of God I pronounced them madmen."* Unquestionably many of his former acquaintances now pronounced the same verdict upon him, with the specious addition that they would urge the fact that he had been insane for a triumphant proof that his religion was insanity. He anticipated this result, and "was concerned to reflect that a convert made in Bedlam was more likely to be a stumbling-block to others than to advance their faith." The manner, however, in which he had acquired a knowledge of himself and the Gospel could not affect the truth of his conclusions, and he might well be thankful for any dispensation which enabled him, after living without God in the world,—

"To see by no fallacious light or dim
Earth made for man, and man himself for
him."[†]

Cowper remained nearly a year at St. Alban's after his disorder abated. In Dr. Cotton he had a friend who loved Christianity, and who was as well qualified to afford assistance in this department "as in that which was more immediately his province." Every morning the physician conversed with his patient upon what was now the absorbing topic of his thoughts. He was consequently happy

* At the time when Cowper was going through the sorrowful form of preparing for his examination at the bar of the House of Lords he wrote a letter to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, in which he says that if he was to open his heart to her she would see nothing "to shock her." "This," remarks Southey, "was the fair testimony he gave when capable of giving it." How far he was capable of giving any fair testimony as to what ought to shock may be judged from the circumstance that he penned the words at the period when he was persuaded that a man was mad who spoke of loving God. The self-complacent opinion he then expressed of his state was merely an illustration of his assertion, that "he had obtained a complete victory over his conscience."

† Retirement.

in his retreat, and a nature less sensitive than his might have shrunk from reappearing in the world. The expense alone induced him to quit what he called "the place of his second nativity," and which he ever after associated with his joyful recovery, and not with its wretched antecedents. He wished on removing to fix his residence near Cambridge, that he might share the society of his brother, and he was, at any rate, resolved that he would appear no more in London, "the scene of his former abominations." The painful recollections connected with it, the awkwardness of meeting his old companions, his determination to shake off the greater part of them, and the impossibility of pursuing his profession, all combined to turn him from his previous haunts. He resigned a small office—that of Commissioner of Bankrupts—worth £80 a-year, for the double reason that it required his presence in town and that his ignorance of law would not permit him, now he weighed the words to which he swore, to take the customary oath. The scanty income which remained would have been insufficient for his maintenance if his relations had not clubbed together a little later to make him an allowance. The frightful proofs he had given of the desperate nature of his malady left them no room to blame him.

His brother could find him no convenient lodgings nearer than Huntingdon. Thither Cowper set out on the 17th June, 1765, his heart aching at the thought of returning to a world in the pollutions of which he had had so "sad a share," and dreading lest his ears, as he journeyed, should be offended by oaths, which were the common language of the time. He took Cambridge by the way. He arrived at his new abode on the 22d, and his spirits sank when he found himself alone in a strange place without a friend to comfort him. He walked a mile from the town, and, kneeling down in a screened nook of a field prayed, that he might be cheered and supported. He returned to his lodgings light in heart. The next day was Sunday. Entering the church with feelings different from what he had ever entered a church before, he could with difficulty restrain his emotions. His heart warmed to all the congregation; and observing that a man who sat in the pew with him was singing with much devotion, he inwardly exclaimed, "Bless you for praising Him whom my soul loveth!" A vivid and beautiful picture which

almost reproduces the impressions he describes.

He had very uncomfortable expectations of the accommodation he should meet with at Huntingdon, and found to his surprise that he liked his lodgings, the locality, and the people. He thought the town among the neatest in England. Cobbett was of the same opinion. In his "Rural Rides" he calls it "one of those pretty, clean, unstenched, unconfined places that tend to lengthen life and make it happy." Of the neighboring country he had no good to tell—"few trees and those scrubbed, few woods and those small, few hills and those hardly worthy of the name;" but the immediate environs he admired to enthusiasm. "Above and below the bridge are by far the most beautiful meadows that I ever saw in my life. Here are no reeds, here is no sedge, no unevenness of any sort. Here are *bowling-greens* of hundreds of acres in extent, with a river winding through them full to the brink. I think it would be difficult to find a more delightful spot than this in the world." The description of Cowper, written a year and a half after he had settled there, is as picture-like, but much less flattering. "My lot is cast in a country where we have neither woods, nor commons, nor pleasant prospects; all is flat and insipid; in the summer adorned only with blue willows, and in the winter covered with a flood. Such it is at present: our bridges shaken almost in pieces, our poor willows torn away by the roots, and our haycocks almost afloat." Cobbett painted the view as he saw it in June, Cowper in a dreary January, and we must allow for the different impressions produced by sunshine and verdure, and by a watery landscape beneath an overcast sky. Yet it is curious that the coarse, vituperative demagogue, though he, too, callous as he was, had a heart for nature, should have discriminated a beauty, real of its kind, which was lost upon the nicer eyes of the poet. Not that he could have lacked scenes to satisfy his sympathies. Indeed, he had said in an earlier letter that the country was fine for several miles round. If the true admirer of what is lovely in creation has not the pleasure of general prospects, his attention is only turned more intently to individual features, and he frequently derives a greater gratification from this close acquaintance with humble beauties than from more pretending and extended views. Cowper possessed, in

an unusual degree, the happy art of detecting charms in spots the least adorned "with sweet nature's grace." "Every thing," he said, "I see in the fields is to me an object; and I can look at the same rivulet, or at a handsome tree, every day of my life with new pleasure." Transferred to London in boyhood, and a constant resident there, with the exception of occasional holidays, till he was thirty-two, he never acquired a relish for its noise and bustle, nor lost the passion he had imbibed for the country while a child.

"I never framed a wish, or form'd a plan,
That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss;
But there I laid the scene." *

Any such scene was sufficient for his desires if combined with quiet; and whatever might be the merits of the environs of Huntingdon when contrasted with other rural districts, they were Elysium in comparison with Fleet Street and the Strand.

He dreaded the idea of having new acquaintances to make with no other recommendation than that of being a perfect stranger, and hoped that none of the inhabitants would take the least notice of him. A patient fresh from a lunatic asylum, who came to reside in our town where he was totally unknown, and with which he had no sort of connection, could not be the subject of speculations which it would be comfortable to contemplate. This view, however, of the question does not appear to have troubled him, for his insanity was never a painful topic. He looked at it through the light of the blessing he had derived from it, and chiefly thought of it as the means by which he had been delivered from a worse madness. On the occasion of his paying a visit, in 1768, to his friendly physician at St. Alban's, he said that he visited it every day in thought, and that the recollection of what occurred there, and the consequences which ensued from it, made all the other circumstances of life appear insipid and unaffecting. It was not as a person who had been disordered in his intellect, but as a character to be suspected, that he feared the unfavorable comments of the Huntingdon gossips. It hurt his pride when he became familiarly known in the place that some people had spoken of him as "*That fellow Cowper*;" and, with the secret motive of furnishing occasional demonstration of the splendor of his connections, he introduced young Unwin to his old patron the major. At first his desire to be

* "The Task," book iv.

let alone appeared likely to be realized. He had been eleven days at Huntingdon when he wrote to Hill, "I have received but one visit since here I came. I don't mean that I have refused any, but that only one has been offered." This single intruder was his woolen-drafter, whose motives may be supposed to have been as much commercial as friendly. By degrees the aristocracy of the place dropped in, and in a couple of months he knew all the "visitable people." "Two families," he said, "in particular have treated me with as much cordiality as if their pedigrees and mine had grown upon the same sheepskin." That he came from St. Alban's could not long have remained a secret. Curiosity or compassion may have induced the original callers to break in upon his seclusion, and his appearance, his manners, and his intelligence must soon have accredited him to the most sceptical. A few of the inhabitants were sympathetic spirits, and altogether he thought it "the most agreeable neighborhood he had ever seen." A twelvemonth before he would have thought it intolerably dull. The still life of Huntingdon suited his altered frame of mind, and had the twofold charm of fitness and novelty.

His mode of passing his time was simple. One day in every week he and his brother spent together. Each alternately visited the other, and the distance of fifteen miles to Cambridge forced Cowper for a while to become a horseman. In the earliest of his letters which has been preserved (August, 1758) he tells a fellow-Templar that he never rides unless compelled, because a little contact with the saddle bruised and chafed him. It cost him a good deal of trouble at Huntingdon to attain to a very moderate measure of equestrian skill. Like his own John Gilpin, he was not only "galled in his seat," but had a difficulty in keeping it. A walking pace was tedious, a trot jumbled him, and a gallop threatened to throw him into a ditch. Except to take exercise he rarely stirred from his fireside and his books. His reading was not the continuation of his London studies. He had entered into a new world of thought, and had completely broken with the past. So indifferent was he to all his old pursuits, that he never once, in five-and-twenty years, inquired after the library which he left in town, and which contained his father's stores as well as his own. When a quarter of a century had

gone by he asked Hill if he could inform a bookless student in what nook his stray volumes might be found. In the interval somebody had appropriated this convenient collection of authors which appeared not to have an owner; and Cowper consoled himself with the reflection, "that no such loss did ever befall any other man, or could ever befall him again." To read and meditate upon religion was at present his sole occupation in his solitary hours. "A letter," he said "upon any other subject is more insipid to me than ever my task was when a schoolboy." The pains of hell had lately gat hold upon him, and he turned from every thing which belonged to his former self to gaze with undivided and unwearied delight upon the heaven which had opened before his eyes.

He brought to Huntingdon the attendant who waited on him at St. Alban's; and in that charming strain of quiet humor which was as natural to him as to breathe, he unfolds, in a letter to Hill, the difficulty he experienced in his novel task of keeping house for himself and his servant.

"A man cannot always live upon sheep's heads and liver and lights, like the lions in the Tower; and a joint of meat in so small a family is an endless encumbrance. My butcher's bill for last week amounted to four shillings and tenpence. I set off with a leg of lamb, and was forced to give part of it away to my washerwoman. Then I made an experiment upon a sheep's heart, and that was too little. Next I put three pounds of beef into a pie, and this had like to have been too much, for it lasted three days, though my landlord was admitted to a share in it. Then, as to small beer, I am puzzled to pieces about it. I have bought as much for a shilling as will serve us at least a month, and it is grown sour already. In short; I never knew how to pity poor housekeepers before; but now I cease to wonder at that politic cast which their occupation usually gives to their countenance, for it is really a matter full of perplexity."

The ultimate result of what is called "his good management and clear notion of economical affairs" was that in three months he spent the income of a twelvemonth. In the fourth month he arrived at the conclusion that, to avoid total bankruptcy, he must be boarded as well as lodged. He began at the same time to feel the want of companionship. The visits of his neighbors were not frequent; and as "cards and dancing were the professed

business of all the gentle inhabitants," he would have derived no pleasure from a closer intercourse with that portion of the community. Under these circumstances he was induced to take a step which had the happiest influence upon his future life.

Among the friends which Cowper made at Huntingdon was the family of the Unwins, consisting of husband and wife, and a son and daughter. The father, an elderly clergyman, who held a college living upon which he did not reside, had once been master of the free school, and had now a large house in the town where he took private pupils. He is described by Cowper "as a man of learning and good sense, and as simple as Parson Adams." His wife, who was much younger than himself, was the daughter of a draper in Ely of the name of Cawthorne. "She has," writes Cowper, "a very uncommon understanding, has read much to excellent purpose, and is more polite than a duchess." The son was just of age. He was of a singularly amiable and vivacious disposition, with the openness and frankness of youth, had fair talents, and more than average acquirements. The daughter, a girl of eighteen, "was of a piece with the rest of the family," and was "rather handsome and genteel," but she must have missed one great charm of the poet's society from having no perception of his humor, which, like a dish of delicate flavor, is lost upon obtuse palates, though, to those who can taste it, it is much more delicious as it is more refined than coarsely seasoned viands. This little domestic group he pronounced to be altogether the cheerfulest and most agreeable it was possible to conceive. The impression was mutual. From the moment he set foot in the circle "he was treated as if he had been a near relation." Fascinated by these new companions, he wondered that he liked Huntingdon so well before he became acquainted with them, and imagined that he should find every place unpleasant that had not an Unwin.

Delighted as Cowper seemed with the whole of the family, the real attraction to him was Mrs. Unwin and her son. Their doctrinal opinions were the same with his own, their piety as earnest and pervading. A reserved person is chilled by reserve and disgusted by forwardness. An ingenious frankness alone can put him at his ease and elicit a responsive freedom. The artless candor of

the young man immediately won the confidence of his bashful elder. They poured out their hearts to each other at the first interview, and the moment his visitor was gone Cowper retired to his bedroom and prayed that God would give "fervency and perpetuity to the friendship, even unto death." As he prayed so it proved in the issue. Of the mother he wrote at the very commencement of the acquaintance, "That woman is a blessing to me, and I never see her without being the better for her company." Just at the time when his solitary situation grew irksome to him, one of Mr. Unwin's pupils left. It occurred to Cowper that he might, perhaps, be allowed to fill the vacancy. The effect which the notion had upon him showed that though perfectly sane his mind continued to be morbidly sensitive. He was seized "with a tumult of anxious solicitude," and the language of his heart was, "Give me this blessing, or else I die." With a great effort he diverted his thoughts after a day or two into another channel, and found that his mind kept repeating with increasing energy, "The Lord God of truth will do this." Manifestly as the words were the offspring of the wish, he was convinced that they were not of his own production, derived some assurance from the presage, and took courage to propound his darling scheme. His proposal was at once accepted, and on Nov. 11, 1765, he removed to his new retreat. It more than answered his fondest anticipations. He had resided there four months when he wrote that in Mrs. Unwin "he could almost fancy his own mother restored to life again to compensate him for all the friends he had lost, and all his connections broken." On a subsequent occasion he composed some lines in which he happily expressed the familiar truth, that incidents which appear to us mysterious or purposeless furnish us, in their full development,—

"With proof that we and our affairs
Are part of a Jehovah's cares."

Of all the illustrations of this fact which his memorable history afforded, none was more conspicuous than the Providence which led him against his own wishes to Huntingdon, and guided his unwilling footsteps to the door of the Unwins. His disposition inclined him to marriage, but he had too much conscience to run the risk of transmitting his frightful malady, and it is clear that from the period

of his second attack; which admitted of no doubtful construction, he never entertained the idea. He had hardly appeared to be cut off forever from the intimate delights of a domestic circle, when he found them in the friendship of the inestimable woman whose story is henceforth blended with his own.

The days of Cowper flowed on in tranquil cheerfulness between devotion, reading, conversation, walking, and gardening. Little more than a year and a half had elapsed when the peace of the household was suddenly interrupted by the violent death of Mr. Unwin. As he was riding one Sunday morning in July, 1767, to his curacy of Gravely, he was flung from his horse, and his head was dreadfully fractured. He was too much injured to be carried back to Huntingdon, and after lingering till the Thursday he expired in a cottage about a mile from his home. At such a moment the sympathy of her devoted companion must have been as important to Mrs. Unwin as her own had previously been to him. They at once determined that the change of circumstances should not dissolve a bond which had become stronger than ever; but in a different way the event was big with consequences to Cowper, and instead of depriving him of one associate supplied him with a second. A few days after the accident the celebrated John Newton was on his road through Huntingdon. His journey thitherwards at this crisis was said by the poet eighteen years afterwards to have been such a wonderful dispensation of Providence, that he thought it gave him a claim to the especial attention of a ghostly counsellor, who had been sent by Heaven for the express purpose of finding him out. The result was accomplished by the zealous minister calling, at the request of an acquaintance, upon Mrs. Unwin, to whom he was then a perfect stranger. He invited the friends to settle at his cure of Olney, in Buckinghamshire, and they gladly embraced the offer for the sake of his preaching and conversation. He hired for them an old house, of which the garden at the back was only separated by an orchard from the garden of the vicarage. By opening doors in the walls of the respective domains a direct communication was established, and the two families lived almost as one. In September the poet removed to a dwelling which was to be his home for twenty years, and where almost all the works were composed which have

given an interest to his name and history. The front of his new tenement looked upon the market-place, and wore such a desolate aspect that when young Mr. Unwin first saw it he was shocked to think that his mother lived there. The rest of the town was not attractive. Cowper describes it as "populous, and inhabited chiefly by the half-starved and ragged of the earth." The principal occupation was lace-making, which furnished, even to unremitting diligence, so scanty a pittance, that it was barely sufficient to sustain a miserable existence. When a charitable donation enabled the poet to provide six children with one pair of blankets, "they jumped out of their straw, caught them in their arms, kissed them, blessed them, and danced for joy." The majority of the people were brutal in their manners and heathenish in their morals. Little creatures seven years of age made the place resound every evening with curses and villanous songs. The cottages were disposed in a long, dreary street, and the tottering mud walls and torn thatch of many of them were in keeping with the wretchedness of the inmates. The surrounding meadows were flooded during the winter; and Cowper was often doomed to sit for months over a cellar filled with water. The air in the rainy season was impregnated with the fishy-smelling fumes of the marsh miasma; and to this he ascribed the slow and spirit-oppressing fever which visited all persons who remained long in the locality. "There were beautiful walks," he said, "but it was a walk to get at them," and for eight months in the year he seldom cared to pick his way through the "almost impassable dirt" which intervened. None of these evils had much effect upon him during the early years of his residence. He was experiencing the truth that the "mind is its own place," and the social and spiritual advantages he enjoyed made Olney a heaven to him.

Pecuniary embarrassments had induced the vicar, Moses Brown, to become a pluralist, and he resided at Blackheath, where he was chaplain of Morden College. His debts failed to make a numerous family a care to him. He said that when he had only two or three children he thought he should have been distracted with the anxiety of providing for them, but when he had a dozen he was easy, and thought no more of the matter. According to Mr. Cecil, he was a pious minister, who

had trained many of his people in the way they should go, and an over-indulgent father, who had allowed his sons to take the way they should not. Mr. Newton had been his deputy for three years and a half when Cowper settled in the parish. It was a remark of the famous Dr. Sydenham that "everybody some time or other would be the better or the worse for having but spoken to a good or bad man." The curate of Olney was one of those persons to whom few could speak without being the better for it. His father was the master of a trading vessel, and he had himself spent the larger part of twenty years at sea. He was once impressed on board a man-of-war, was made a midshipman, deserted, and was flogged. In his rage at the subsequent hardships he endured, he formed the design of murdering the captain, and would have executed his intention but that he could not bear that the lady whom he afterwards married should think ill of him. The general recklessness, indeed, of his early life was as signal as the piety of the remainder. He was a scoffer of the Bible, a frightful blasphemer, and an abandoned profligate. He had seen and suffered much, and both in good and in evil had displayed a resolute will.

By the force of a powerful understanding and an inflexible purpose he became, during his voyages, a proficient in Latin, learnt the rudiments of mathematics and French, and later, when on land, acquired a fair knowledge of Greek, Hebrew, and Syriac. He received no instruction whatever after he was ten years old, and the result of his self-education was to give him a firm grasp of his knowledge and an unusual independence of thought. Desperate as he had been in wickedness, defying both God and man, a feminine tenderness lurked in his nature. "He could live," says his biographer, Mr. Cecil, "no longer than he could love." On one of his voyages, when a letter from Mrs. Newton miscarried, and he imagined that she was probably dead, he lost his appetite and rest, and in three weeks' time was brought to the brink of the grave. With an adamant frame which had resisted hardships that few of the strongest men could have withstood, and with a marvellous energy of disposition which had once spurned all control, he had nearly died of a broken heart from the mere apprehension that his wife was no more. He had arrived at his ultimate convictions on re-

ligion by a gradual process, and had passed through various stages of wickedness, temptation, conflict, and amendment. Though his principles and conduct had long been fixed, he was not ordained till he was close upon thirty-nine, when he was appointed to the curacy of Olney. He found that Cowper had read his Bible to so much purpose that he needed no instruction in doctrine. What he wanted was a companion, of kindred sentiments and equal understanding, with whom to interchange ideas. The entire world, perhaps, could not have supplied a person more fitted for the purpose than Mr. Newton. The transitions of feeling through which he had passed had some resemblance to those of his newly made friend, but he had gone far deeper into vice. There was hardly a mood of mind connected with religion with which he was not familiar from his own experience. The warmth of affection which tempered his masculine nature rendered him a counsellor as gentle as he was discriminating. His conversation was singularly racy, and abounded in apt and lively illustrations. The closest intimacy at once ensued between two such congenial spirits, equals in love, in piety, in worth; and if the one was possessed of the finer genius, the other had the advantage of a more vigorous character, and a greater capacity for the affairs of life. They made it a rule to spend four days in the week together, and were rarely "seven successive waking hours apart." Mr. Newton numbered the alliance among his "principal blessings." It was a blessing in which his parishioners shared. He considered Cowper "a sort of curate," from his constant attendance upon the sick and afflicted. The lay-pastor, we are told, was affable in his conversation with them, sympathized in their distresses, advised them in their difficulties, and animated them by his prayers. Absorbed in his round of religious duties, he was averse to all other employments. "You will ascribe," he wrote to Hill, in May, 1768, "my dryness and conciseness in the epistolary way to almost a total disuse of my pen. My youth and my scribbling vein are gone together, and unless they had been better employed it is fit they should." He said shortly afterwards that "he had that within him which hindered him wretchedly in all he ought to do, and that he was prone to trifle and allow time to run to waste;" but this is a self-reproach which would be uttered

by most persons who exact of themselves a rigorous account.

Since his removal from Huntingdon distance interposed to prevent frequent intercourse with his brother, and their weekly dwindled down to annual visits. In the middle of February, 1770, Cowper was summoned to Cambridge by the fatal illness of this sole remaining relic of his home. "We have lost the best classic and most liberal thinker in our university," wrote Dr. Bennet, Bishop of Cloynce, to Dr. Parr, when he announced the death of John Cowper. "He sat so long at his studies that the posture gave rise to an abscess in his liver, and he fell a victim to *lethargy*." So said John Cowper himself when he was dying. "I have labored day and night to perfect myself in things of no profit; I have sacrificed my health to these pursuits, and am suffering the consequences of my misspent labor. I wanted to be highly applauded, and was flattered up to the height of my wishes; now, I must learn a new lesson." He had been in his own language "blameless in his outward conduct, and trusted in himself that he was righteous." He could not yield to the belief that he stood in need of a Redeemer, and had long desired to be a deist. After the transformation which had taken place in Cowper at St. Alban's, he endeavored to impress his convictions upon his brother, who first discussed the question, and then, to avoid disputes, listened to argument and exhortation in silence. His attention, however, was roused. He bought the best writers on controverted points, studied them with diligence, and compared them with Scripture. Blinded, he says, by prejudice, he continued not to perceive the doctrine of redemption, yet wished to embrace it, and was even persuaded that he should some day be a convert. Upon the whole, his antipathy gained upon his inclination; for, at the period of his illness, he was on the verge of closing with the Deism which appeared so attractive, and which did not, like the Gospel, interfere with his self-esteem. Cowper, on his arrival, found him ignorant that his illness was mortal, and quite unconcerned about religion. There was one seeming exception to his ordinary indifference. "When I talked to him," says the poet, "of the Lord's dealings with myself, he would press my hand, and look kindly at me, and seemed to love me the better for it." But this did not arise from any partiality for

doctrines which he heard heedlessly at other times. The action clearly proceeded from generous sympathy with the griefs and joys of the speaker. As warm hearts are easily kindled into gratitude, the remark, "that, though many sick men had friends, it was not every man who had a friend that could pray for him," drew forth from the sufferer an additional tenderness. "He generally expressed it," says Cowper, "by calling for blessings upon me in the most affectionate terms, and with a look and manner not to be described." At the expiration of three weeks, as he was praying one afternoon to himself in bed, he suddenly burst into tears, and with a loud cry exclaimed, "Oh! forsake me not." He afterwards stated that he had reflected much upon Christianity during his illness, that the subject remained obscure to him, and that he sent forth the cry at the moment when the light was darted into his soul. He threw his arms round the neck of his brother, and, leaning his head upon him, said, "If I live, you and I shall be more like one another than we have been. But, whether I live or not, all is well. God has visited me with this sickness to teach me what I was too proud to learn in health." At another time he added, "I see the rock upon which I once split, and I see the rock of my salvation. I have learned that in a moment which I could not have learned by reading books in many years. How plain do texts appear to which, after consulting all the commentators, I could hardly affix a meaning! There is but one key to the New Testament, there is but one interpreter." The key he had discovered was that "Jesus Christ was delivered for our offences, and rose again for our justification." He wondered, as well he might, that a fact so plain should have been invisible to him before. His self-abasement was henceforth great. "That I ever had a being," he said, "cannot be too soon forgot." He had charge of a parish about seven miles from Cambridge, and thought much of the people there. "Thou hast intrusted many souls unto me," he exclaimed in one of his prayers, "and I have not been able to teach them because I knew thee not myself." His repentance was accompanied by the hope that it would be accepted through the Saviour whose atonement he had understood so late, and after a few days more of bodily suffering, in that hope he calmly expired on the 20th of March. "I

have felt a joy," wrote Cowper, "upon the subject of my brother's death such as I never felt but in my own conversion."

Three years from this period the joy which had resulted from his conversion was extinguished, never again, except in transient gleams, to be renewed on earth. Mr. Newton engaged him to join in the composition of a collection of hymns, partly "for the purpose of promoting the faith and comfort of sincere Christians," partly "to perpetuate the remembrance of an endeared friendship." While the work was proceeding his conversation one morning betrayed that his malady had returned. Southey produces a portion of two hymns, and the whole of a third, to show that the despairing nature of the ideas to which his mind had been directed by the employment was the cause of the calamity. The quotations are accompanied by the admission that, though the fragments which are given betray despondency, the strain in both cases passes on into hope, that in other parts of the series there is a tone of cheerful devotion, and that none of the sentiments differ from those which ordinary converts constantly experience. In fact, the states of feeling which Cowper has embodied in verse appear just as frequently in the productions of Mr. Newton. Impressions which are common to every Christian can be no evidence of a peculiar condition of mind. Cowper was so far from indulging in gloom, that his sixty-eight hymns, whether they are of praise, penitence, or prayer, are nearly all, in their conclusions, expressive of comfort, and there is not one that displays a tendency to morbid depression. The very specimen which Southey strangely adduces as "denoting a fearful state," was written to celebrate the *deliverance* from it, and is a song of triumph, and not of misery. It is clearly a description of his terrors at the Temple and St. Alban's, and ends with hailing the day-star that broke upon him and preserved him from despair. He depicts the dawn which chased away the darkness, and leaves us with a prospect as radiant as the sun from which he derives his comparison. In substance it is the same idea to which he gives utterance when, referring again to this crisis of his life he says:—

"It taught my terrors awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe."

The inference which Southey drew from the

few stanzas he extracted implies, what yet seems hardly credible, that he mistook the retrospective portions of the hymns for descriptions of the feelings of their author at the moment of composition. If it had been possible to compress such a chaos of remote and conflicting emotions into the brief space that he was engaged upon the task, the fruits would never have appeared in their present shape, for he must already have been raving mad.

The form which Cowper's insanity ultimately assumed might lead some persons to overlook the fact that his religion hitherto had not been moody. When remorse, stimulated by disease, drove him to desperation, he had not yet entered upon his Christian life. He had no sooner tasted the sweets of it than he was transported with delight. Time, in tanning down his spirits, did not quench them. He always referred to the eight years and a half which elapsed between his restoration at St. Alban's and the renewal of his disorder at Olney as to years of unparalleled joy. What they looked in the retrospect they had appeared in their passage. Wherever we catch a view of his feelings—in his "Personal Narrative," in his "Correspondence," in his sketch of his brother—he paints religion in bright and happy colors. Southey, speaking of one of his letters to Lady Hesketh, says that "it is in a strain of that melancholy pietism which casts a gloom over every thing." The pietism might seem melancholy to those who could not sympathize with it. To Cowper it was exactly the reverse, and he tells his cousin on this identical occasion "that any place is delightful to him in which he can have leisure to meditate upon the mercies by which he lives, and indulge a vein of gratitude to God." "That he enjoyed a course of peace, short intervals excepted," from his removal to Olney up to the re-appearance of his lunacy, we know from the testimony of Mr. Newton, who "passed these six years in daily admiring and aiming to imitate him." He was accustomed to take part in the prayer-meetings held in the parish, and he informed Mr. Greathead that his constitutional timidity vanished on these occasions "before his awful yet delightful consciousness of the presence of his Saviour." This, while it shows the exhilarating nature of his emotions when his heart was stirred the deepest, appears to have been the only act of doubtful prudence in which his

piety engaged him, though the danger did not proceed from religious excitement, but from his nervous dread of a public display. His fear of an audience put an end to the idea of taking orders, which duty suggested to him when he came fresh with enthusiasm from St. Alban's. "Had I," he said, "the zeal of Moses, I should want an Aaron for my spokesman." The familiarity he had contracted in the interval with rustic congregations had not removed his apprehensions, and the prospect of pronouncing a prayer before a company of villagers agitated him for hours beforehand. Though the effect was comparatively brief, it bore too close a resemblance to his former disastrous experience to be hazarded wisely. No ill consequences appear to have ensued. A mode of life which kept him cheerful in the main for upwards of five years could not be very disastrous. Nor, unless Cowper communicated his sensations, could any blame be attached to Mr. Newton, who might easily suppose that the man who trembled to be examined at the bar of the House of Lords on a subject of which he knew nothing would have no apprehension of pouring out the petitions which filled his heart before the lace-makers of Olney.

Even if Cowper's religious tendencies had been melancholy instead of cheerful, there is no reason to think that writing hymns would have deepened his gloom. His whole life was devoted to religion. It was the staple of his thoughts, his conversation, and his reading. He did not wait till he had to turn a stanza to fix his meditations upon pious themes; and we can discover no warrant for Southey's assertion, that in putting these habitual topics into metre "he was led to brood over his sensations in a way which rendered him peculiarly liable to be deluded by them." That the act of versifying had not this result, but the reverse, we know from his own authority. In the long, dark years when religion seemed to frown upon him, and he trembled if he was even drawn in to speak of it, he could with pleasure make it the subject of his song, because, as he said, the difficulties of expression, rhyme, and numbers were an amusing exercise of ingenuity, and engrossed more attention than the matter. Not animated by faith and hope as when he wrote the "Olney Hymns," but sunk in despair, he could descant in his works upon his own case, and upon all the themes which reminded him of

his misery, and derived more advantage from the employment than from any other recreation. In the face of these facts Mr. Newton has been charged with want of judgment because, finding him devoted to religion and fond of poetry, he advised him, when he was in his healthiest condition of mind, to put some of his religion into verse. Under every aspect the theory is untenable that the train of thought suggested by the Hymns disordered his understanding. The notion has been chiefly entertained by those who disliked his school of theology, and their prejudices have evidently influenced their opinion of the pernicious effects of his pious musings upon his reason. Although the fact were established, it would of itself prove nothing against the soundness of his belief. "The letters of Cowper," remarks Mr. Cecil, "show how much he was occupied at one time by the truths of the Bible, and at another time by the fictions of Homer; but his melancholy was originally a physical disease which could be affected either by the Bible or Homer, but was utterly distinct in its nature from the matter of both. Whatever of good or evil is capable of agitating the mind will be capable of disordering it, and religion must continue to be one of the agents in insanity as long as it retains its vehement hold upon the human heart.

It was in a different way, we conceive, from what has been alleged that the composition of the Olney Hymns proved injurious to Cowper. In announcing eight years afterwards his next poetical undertaking to Mr. Newton he adds, "Don't be alarmed: I ride Pegasus with a curb; he will never run away with me again. I have even convinced Mrs. Unwin that I can manage him and make him stop when I please." This plainly points to his having pursued his theme with too much ardor before, and overtaken an intellect which was unable to endure a strain. It was his nature to throw himself with enthusiasm into any occupation which pleased him, and the nerve, he says, of his imagination twanged with vehemence under the energy of the pressure. No undertaking could have enlisted more of his sympathies than the one in which Mr. Newton had embarked him, and prior to experience it was not easy to divine that he would rhyme with such assiduity as to bring on a fit of insanity. The malady assailed him in January, 1773. His power to set his facul-

ties in motion was gone, and he spent hours in blank imbecility, unless an impetus was given to his mind by a question, when he was capable of returning a rational answer. A melancholy of the darkest die overshadowed him. He believed that his food was poisoned, that everybody hated him and especially Mrs. Unwin, though he would allow no one else to wait upon him. His disposition to commit suicide required perpetual vigilance, which, coupled with the trying nature of his delusions, rendered the task of tending him a fearful task, both to mind and body. His incomparable friend discharged the office for nearly two years, not only with cheerfulness out with gratitude, and said that if ever she praised God it was when she found that she was to have all the labor. Her constitution never entirely rallied from the shock it received. Mr. Newton in a less degree had his share in the burden. That he might be more out of the noise of a fair, Cowper moved in March, for a single night to the vicarage, which he had previously refused to enter, and chose to remain there a year and a quarter. As often as Mrs. Unwin urged him to return to his own house he wept and implored to be permitted to stay where he was. An inmate in his condition was no small disturbance to the domestic peace of Mr. Newton. But the piety and affection of that admirable man were equal to the occasion. "The Lord," he wrote towards the conclusion of the poor patient's stay, "has given us such a love to him, both as a believer and as a friend, that I am not weary." When the deliverance came he confessed that his feelings had sometimes been restive, but added, "I think I can hardly ever suffer too much for such a friend."

The recovery of Cowper followed the same course that it had done at St. Alban's. From having his whole attention turned inwards upon his despairing thoughts, he began to notice the things about him. He fed the chickens; and some incident made him smile—the first smile that had been seen upon his face for more than sixteen months. He was continually employed in gardening, and talked freely upon his favorite employment. Other topics of conversation he rarely noticed. As he continued to improve, he expressed in verse, according to his wont, the desperate ideas which burned within him. At the end of May, 1774, he seemed to realize his position in Mr. Newton's house, and suddenly de-

sired to go back to his own. A few days were necessary to prepare it, and he passed the interval in impatience. The attack at Olney lasted longer than the one which grew out of the business of the clerkship, and the restoration was less complete. Two distinct impressions filled the mind of Cowper—an awful melancholy which impelled him to suicide, and a piety which led him to place his whole dependence upon God. He blended these pervading feelings, and fancied that the Almighty had commanded him, as a trial of obedience, to offer up himself for a sacrifice, as Abraham had been commanded to offer up his son. In this persuasion he attempted to commit suicide, and failed to accomplish his design. He imagined that his faltering purpose was a proof of his faithlessness, and that he was condemned in consequence to irrevocable perdition. No one who reads his "Personal Narrative" of his previous seizure can fail to remark that, though otherwise written in a sober strain, he imperfectly distinguished between supernatural visitations and the effects of disease. The vividness of his delusions begot in him the conviction that they must be derived from a source more potent than a disordered brain. "My dreams," he wrote, "are of a texture that will not suffer me to ascribe them to any cause but the operation of an exterior agency." To the end of his days he remained persuaded that the injunction to self-destruction, and the subsequent sentence of condemnation, were revelations from Heaven. Sane in every other particular, he could not perceive that the visions and voices had been the products of insanity. He was the slave of an idea which he acquired in madness, and which he yet believed to have had an origin that was independent of it. From this hour he lived in his own conviction a doomed man, and if hope ever gleamed upon him "it was merely," he said, "as a flash in a dark night, during which the heavens seemed opened only to shut again." Since judgment had been pronounced, he argued that it was useless for him to pray; nay more, that "to implore mercy would be to oppose the determinate counsel of God." He ceased to attend public or domestic worship, and behaved in all respects as though his personal concern in Christianity was at an end. He said in 1782 that he had not asked a blessing upon his food for ten years, nor ever expected to ask it again. Mr. Unwin

consulted him on the proper mode of keeping Sunday. He gave his opinion, but added "that he considered himself as no longer interested in the question." When there was a prospect of Mr. Newton's successor in the curacy removing from Olney, Cowper expressed a desire that he should stay, because a new-comer would wonder at his avoiding every religious observance, and might assail him with arguments, "which would be more profitably discharged against the walls of a tower." This was the calm, inflexible character which his delusion assumed. His soul was not tempest-tossed as in the height of his disease, but the waters froze as they subsided, and presented the smoothness and blenkness of ice.

It was not till May, 1776, that Cowper renewed his correspondence with Hill, who managed his pecuniary affairs. For upwards of three years his faculties appear to have been unequal to the production of an ordinary letter. He says he was a child, and was compelled to seek amusement in childish things. Religion, which had been his sole pursuit, was forbidden fruit, and his life was suddenly reduced to a blank. His earliest attempt to fill up the vacancy was by taking care of three leverets, which grew up as tame as cats, and as fond of human society. As his health improved he resolved to be a carpenter, and constructed boxes, tables, and stools. The strain to which he was put in the constant use of saw and plane inflamed his eyes, which were never strong, and after a twelvemonth he exchanged the heavy work for the more delicate task of making bird and squirrel cages. He became tired of this calling, and having taken a share, from the time he settled in the country, in the common operations of the garden, he now aspired to succeed with its nicer products. His pride was to raise the earliest cucumbers and melons. An orange-tree and two or three myrtles exercised his ingenuity for an entire winter in the effort to guard them from frost. "I contrived," he says, "to give them a fire-hear, and have waded night after night through the snow, with the bellows under my arm, just before going to bed, to give the latest possible puff to the embers." This suggested a greenhouse, which he built with his own hands, "and which afforded him amusement for a longer time than any expedient to which he had fled from the misery of having

nothing to do." In the year 1780 he be-thought himself of landscape-drawing, and commissioned Mr. Unwin to purchase him five shillings' worth of materials, adding, "I do not think my talent in the art worth more." He succeeded beyond expectation, and in a little while he glanced, in his playful way, at the excellence of his productions. "I admire them myself, and Mrs. Unwin admires them, and her praise and my praise put together are fame enough for me." The occupation turned out injurious to his eyes, and he abandoned the pursuit as he was attaining to skill in it. His proficiency in his several mechanic employments he ascribed to heroic perseverance, and not to natural dexterity. He did not rely exclusively upon manual arts. When the world of sacred literature was closed to him he reverted to profane. For the first time since he left London he took to reading secular books, and appears to have had a preference for the works of the day. His slender income was diminished by the death of his brother, who contributed to his support, and in 1776 he even adopted the idea of supplying the deficiency by his own exertions. He conceived the humble scheme of instructing a few boys between eight and ten in the rudiments of the classics, and applied to Hill to recommend him. He would have found pleasure for a while in recalling and imparting his familiar schoolboy lore, but the fact could not have been suppressed that he had lately emerged from a long fit of lunacy, and no parents came forward to intrust their sons to his charge. "If it were to rain pupils," he wrote, "perhaps I might catch a tubful. But till it does, the fruitlessness of my inquiries makes me think I must keep my Greek and Latin to myself."

In summer Cowper wanted little aid from books or mechanic arts. His love of fine weather, sauntering, and gardening, kept him as happy out of doors as his disorder permitted. Winter was the period when he needed every device to fill up his hours, and divert his mind from preying on itself. The year 1780 made a woful gap in his enjoyments, for it was the year which deprived him of the society of Mr. Newton. This indefatigable pastor informed Mr. Cecil that he remained at Olney till he had "buried the old crop on whom any dependence could be placed," and that an incorrigible disposition prevailed with most of the survivors, which he

in vain endeavored to redress. "I see in this world," he once remarked, "two heaps—human happiness and misery. If I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add to the other, I carry a point. If a child has dropped a halfpenny, and by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something. I should be glad indeed to do greater things, but I will not neglect this." No words could convey a more forcible impression of the importance of not deeming any sorrow too insignificant for interposition, or show in stronger colors the tenderness and beneficence of Mr. Newton's nature. He had abundant opportunities for their exercise in poverty-stricken Olney, and had exhibited them in an extraordinary degree on the occasion of a fire in October, 1777, which involved numbers of inhabitants in extreme distress. In the midst of his exertions and liberality a mob of revellers, "full of fury and liquor," beset his house on the 6th of November, and he was obliged to buy them off to save his wife from the terrors of an attack. "We dwell," he wrote, "among lions and firebrands, with men whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongues a sharp sword." When therefore, Mr. Thornton presented him to the rectory of St. Mary Woolnoth, in London, he resigned a charge where no zeal was sufficient to produce reformation, and no benevolence could secure him from ingratitude. "Next to the duties of his ministry, he had made it," he said, "the business of his life to attend to his afflicted friend," and, however much the companionship may have been diminished by Cowper's refusal to participate in any act of religion, the loss of a wise and watchful intimate must have been severely felt. Mr. Page, the successor of Mr. Newton, exasperated the parishioners, and found no favor with the poet. The new minister was dismissed from the curacy in a twelvemonth, but he appears to have continued preaching in some building out of a spirit of opposition for four years longer, when, having quarrelled with his two or three lingering adherents, he withdrew altogether. His last words to his audience were, "Now let us pray for your wicked vicar." He had been replaced in the beginning of 1781 by Mr. Scott, the author of the "Commentary on the Bible," who was regarded with respect, but not with fondness by Cowper, and was no addition to his social re-

sources. His own household had long been reduced to Mrs. Unwin. Her son resided at his living of Stock, in Essex. Her daughter had married in 1774 a worthy clergyman, Mr. Powley, and was settled in Yorkshire. The winter of 1780 arrived, and the melancholy recluse was without a sufficient expedient to kill time and care, when Mrs. Unwin suggested to him to turn poet in earnest.

He had previously been accustomed to compose short pieces on occasional subjects—such as his old friend Thurlow's promotion to the chancellorship, the burning of Lord Mansfield's library, and the starvation of a goldfinch in the adjoining house. "It is not," he said, "when I will, or upon what I will, but as a thought happens to occur to me, and then I versify whether I will or not." He states that he wrote solely for amusement, as a gentleman performer takes up his fiddle, and found so much pleasure in the employment that he often wished he possessed the "faculty divine," and could be more than a trifle in the art. When Mrs. Unwin urged him to attempt something of greater moment, she gave him the "Progress of Error," for a subject. He completed it in December, and in the three following months produced "Truth," "Table-Talk," and "Expostulation"—about two thousand five hundred lines in all. He would gladly have sent them straight into the world, but the publishing season was past, and it was arranged that his book should be printed in the summer and autumn of 1781, to be ready against the succeeding winter. The stimulus supplied by the prospect, and the gratification of seeing his productions in type, set him rhyming afresh in spite of the sunny weather, which usually put a stop to his mental employments, and between May and August he more than doubled the quantity of his verse, and composed "Hope," "Charity," "Conversation," and "Retirement." He wrote with less rapidity at the end than at the beginning. "Time was," he says, "when I could with ease produce fifty, sixty, or seventy lines in a morning; now I generally fall short of thirty, and am sometimes forced to be content with a dozen." The facility acquired by practice was not in his case an equivalent for the activity of mind which is generated by novelty. His patience was tried by the dilatoriness of the printer, but his work was fairly launched in March,

1782, and the man who attempted suicide from the dread of facing a few matter-of-fact questions at the bar of the House of Lords, stood forth a voluntary and eager candidate for general applause. He subsequently confessed to Lady Hesketh that he had in his nature "an infinite share of ambition," with an "equal share of diffidence." The balance of these qualities had hitherto kept him inactive, and he imagined, when his book was on the eve of publication, that his innate bashfulness would still have rendered it "impossible for him to commence author by name," if he had not been nearly indifferent whether he was praised or abused. There did not, he protested, live the being who would be less annoyed by being chronicled as a dunce. In this idea, as he afterwards acknowledged, he was completely deceived. Except in the periods when the pangs of despair swallowed up all his other emotions, "every thing," to use his own words, "affected him nearly, which threatened to disappoint his favorite purpose of working his way through obscurity into notice." However apathetic he might fancy himself before the die was cast, he really published because he thought well of his verse, and had an inward persuasion that it would procure him the distinction he coveted. His retirement, no doubt assisted his courage. He could address the world from "the loopholes of his retreat," and as he did not mingle in the crowd he had little to fear from personal humiliation in the eyes of associates. The influence of this consideration appeared in his especial anxiety for a favorable judgment upon his labors in the *Monthly Review*, on account of its being read by a carpenter, a baker, a village schoolmaster, and a watchmaker, in the place where he lived. "Wherever else," he exclaimed, "I am accounted dull, let me pass for a genius at Olney." So much was he deluded when he sometimes fancied that he only cared for the commendations of the judicious.

Cowper was fifty years old when he completed his first published volume of poems. The pieces he had composed in the preceding decade—a period of life when most men are in the maturity of their understandings—still gave little, and often no indication of the power which lurked within him. There is neither felicity of thought nor language in the copies of verses that he circulated among his friends, and what renders his failure more ex-

traordinary is, that he endeavored to put the whole of his strength into his work, and elaborated these trifles with the utmost care. Whatever was short he justly held should be nervous, masculine, and compact, and he was never weary of touching and retouching that he might fulfil his theory of excellence. "Nervous, masculine, and compact" are, however, the last epithets which could be applied to the feeble and jejune produce of all this toil. Even the rhymes, about which there could be no deception, are frequently wretched. He talked of a false rhyme disgracing a stanza, and in the first stanza of his first Olney hymn makes *God* rhyme to *road*, and *frame* rhyme to *Lamb*. In another hymn, entitled the "House of Prayer," we have in the course of five stanzas such rhymes as these—*secure, door; place, praise; crowd, would; gives, thieves*. In the Olney hymns, indeed, the poet occasionally breaks out; but the greater part of his sacred strains consist of religious truisms, which are so prosaic in expression and so deficient in metrical finish, that he more often lowers than elevates his theme. In his new volume he took a wider sweep, and his vigor increased with the demands which were made upon it. Yet "Table-Talk" and its seven companion poems, in the heroic measure, have many of the faults of his previous efforts. His mind revolted from the artificial school of Pope, which had long been in vogue; and he preferred the ease and elasticity of Dryden. He had been confirmed in this taste by the careless and forcible effusions of his early associate Churchill. The defects which arose from haste in the latter were copied by Cowper with design. He carried freedom to the point of slovenliness, and in the resolution to be natural and unconstrained, he often became flimsy and diffuse. He went so far as to adopt the singular opinion that rugged lines were essential to give variety to the metre, and his ear was less pained by discord than by sustained sweetness. He failed to attain to the quality for which he made such sacrifices, for in seeking to avoid a monotony of polish he fell into a monotony of negligence. After reading the expression of his belief that no inaccuracy will be found in his rhymes and numbers, and his protestations that he never suffered a single verse to pass till he had rendered it as perfect as he was able, it is not a little surprising to meet

with a specimen like this, in which he is speaking of Heaven :—

“ And is it not a mortifying thought

The poor should have it, and the rich should not ? ”

Here he has dispensed altogether with rhyme in favor of a commonplace idea, clothed in the tamest possible language. In other instances he has preserved the rhyme, but has purchased it by eking out his couplet with unmeaning expletives, as in the example which follows :—

“ The Frenchman first in literary fame—

Mention him, if you please : Voltaire ?—the same.”

No other part of the piece is in dialogue, and the deformity of the paltry second line is increased by the forced expedient of supposing the reader suddenly to break in with a question, and, having asked it, to anticipate the reply by answering it himself. His notions of melody were not violated by such a verse as—

“ Endur'st the brunt, and dar'st defy them all ; ”

or by the couplet in which, describing the Jews, he says—

“ Thy temple, once thy glory, fallen and rased,
And thou a worshipper e'en where thou
may'st.”

If these had been occasional blemishes, they would have been of no great consequence ; but he never proceeds far without lines which are prosaic both in sound and language, without forced or false rhymes, and without feeble amplifications which hardly rise to the level of ordinary talk. In aiming at the familiarity of easy elegance and of idiomatic liveliness, he constantly sinks into a loose, tame, diluted style, which offends alike the ear and the understanding. The works of Churchill are little read, because, with a diffused power which attests the vigor of his mind, his individual passages have not often that condensed and signal excellence which causes them to live in the memory. The natural tendency of Cowper was towards the error of his predecessor, and he took him for his model for the very reason that he ought to have shunned his example.

The main object of the poems was to recommend Christianity and denounce vice. There is considerable lameness in the sentiments of some of the pieces, and the thoughts are in general more remarkable for their

truth than for their profundity. He endeavored to be facetious as well as serious. “ I am merry,” he wrote, “ that I may decoy people into my company, and grave that they may be the better for it.” He did not succeed in his effort to harmonize the ludicrous and the solemn. The dignified parts are marred by their juxtaposition with a jocularity which is by no means refined. His humor in his letters is graceful and original. In his poems, with the famous exception of John Gilpin, it is mostly common, flat, and sometimes even vulgar. He plays with themes which are not a proper subject for jest, and which could least of all be supposed a matter of mirth to him. He condemns the ancient prude to perdition, and after telling her that she will be sentenced for her “ sanctimonious pride ” to the same place with such offenders in the like kind as hermits and Brahmins, adds,—

“ nay, never frown,

But, if you please, some fathoms lower down.”

This sorry piece of pleasantry was written at the time when he believed that he was doomed by an irreversible decree to depths as low as those to which he consigned, with mock-civility, the self-righteous old maid. With these drawbacks, the poems contain many passages of remarkable vigor. He is sparing of imagery, and his beauties consist in general of pure and unadorned English, just and earnest sentiments, and a native strength which is not impaired by affectation or any straining after effect. The lines in which he characterizes slavery are a brief specimen of the force which distinguished his better strains :—

“ All other sorrows virtue may endure,
And find submission more than half a cure ;
But slav'ry !—Virtue dreads it as her grave ;
Patience itself is meanness in a slave.”

As the feebler parts preponderated, the volume had only a moderate success, nor is there any reason to think, if he had stopped at this point, that his reputation would have increased with time. His case is curious. He had been a versifier nearly all his life. By his own confession he had spared no pains to do his best. At the age of fifty, when further improvement was unlikely, he put forth several thousand lines, which by turns were grave and gay, and which seemed to reflect every quality of his mind. Had he died at this

period, nobody could have suspected that an undeveloped genius had been taken prematurely from the world, and that he possessed a poetical power of a far different stamp from any thing he had hitherto exhibited. His letters, indeed, if they had been published, would have ensured his celebrity. They have never the air of being composed, and yet are as elegant and classic as the most finished compositions. His humor, like his style, was spontaneous, and imparts a flavor to an infinity of trifles which in themselves would have been insipid. He never exaggerates for the sake of effect. Every word bears the impress of truth. He did not aim at conciseness, nor does he deal much in reflections, opinions, and criticisms. He confines himself mainly to the little incidents and feelings of the hour, and these he tells with a charm and distinctness which are unequalled in any other familiar correspondence. With all the beauty of these graceful effusions, he had no expectation that they would contribute to his fame; for he begged his correspondents to burn them, and would have been dismayed at the idea of exposing the confidences of friendship to the eye of the world. His earliest epistles are as perfect as his latest, and he would almost seem to have been born a letter-writer, and to have been made a poet.

Nothing in the workings of his mind revealed to Cowper the true bent of his poetic faculty: he learned it by accident. His lively friend, Lady Austen, whose acquaintance he had made in 1781, was an enthusiastic admirer of blank verse. She urged him to attempt it, and he promised to comply if she would furnish the subject. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "you can never be in want of a subject; you can write upon any thing; write upon this sofa." The conversation passed in the summer of 1783, and in October, 1784, "The Task," which took its name from the incident which gave rise to it, was in the hands of the printer. Neither the author nor the muse who suggested the topic could have foreseen to what it was to lead. It was a blind and lucky hit.

Cowper was not one of the poets who drew his ideas from the realms of imagination. He rarely attempted to conjure up situations which he had not experienced, nor did he ransack his mind for images and sentiments which did not make part of his common thoughts. His works were the counterpart

of the ordinary, every-day man. In "Table-Talk" and its companion pieces he had made, he said, his confession of faith. He had poured out in them the theological and moral opinions which had governed him for years, and he seemed to have nothing to add. If he had been reminded that half the story was untold, and that to complete the portraiture he might follow up the promulgation of his creed, with a description of his in-door and out-door occupations, of the walks he habitually trod, and the scenes upon which he incessantly gazed, interspersed with such reflections as they were wont to excite, he would probably have shrunk from so personal a theme. He was insensibly led to execute a plan which he would not have framed upon deliberation by the happy chance that he was set versifying upon an object which plunged him into the midst of his home pursuits. He commenced by treating of the "Sofa" in a playful, mock-heroic strain. The use of the sofa as a couch for invalids suggested to him the pleasures of health, exercise, and activity. This at once set him dilating upon the beauties of nature, which no man regarded with a more observant eye, or enjoyed with a more intelligent delight. He was now fairly engaged in depicting the ordinary tenor of his life at Olney, and he did not stop till he had traversed the entire round. The apparent dulness of his existence, its narrow range, its unbroken uniformity, the absence of events, and the unromantic character of the neighboring scenery, appear to present no very promising field for poetry to a man whose habit was to describe things as they were, without any embellishment from fancy. But, in fact, the commonness of the materials rendered the sympathies associated with them only the more universal. Fireside enjoyments, domestic happiness, English landscapes, and English winters, were subjects which, when touched by the hand of a master, appealed to the experience of millions. It added to the charm that the author spoke in his own name, and thus gave life and reality to the whole—a biographic as well as a poetic interest. "My descriptions," he said, "are all from nature: not one of them second-hand. My delineations of the heart are from my own experience: not one of them borrowed from books, or in the least degree conjectural." The religious, social, and political opinions interspersed were all upon the side

of truth, goodness, and humanity, and were such opinions as might be expected from an amiable recluse, whose judgment was not warped by the prepossessions which are generated by self-interest or by party and personal ties. The execution of the delightful design is for the most part nearly perfect. He has displayed one quality in a stronger degree than it was ever possessed by any other describer of nature—the capacity of painting scenes with a distinctness which makes them like visible objects to the mind. They are not more vivid than true, and he has blended the accuracy of the topographer with the picturesqueness of the poet. The language is no longer of the commonplace character which is so often found in his previous works, but is as choice as it is simple. Nothing in “The Task” is more remarkable than the skill with which he constantly picks out the one felicitous word in the tongue which conveys his meaning with the happiest effect. The sketch he gives in “The Winter Evening” of the appearance of the landscape before snow, and of the fall of the “fleecey snow” itself, is one instance out of many of his wonderful faculty for picturesque delineation. The whole, indeed, of the fourth book, which is his masterpiece, abounds both in out-door and in-door scenes of magical power. Like all works of consummate excellence, the impression of its greatness increases with prolonged acquaintance. The beauties are of the tranquil and not of the exciting kind, and the exquisiteness of the workmanship is easily overlooked by hasty eyes. His reprobation of the vices and follies of his age is sometimes admirable, but sometimes declamatory, flat, and tedious; and where he aspires to be sublime, as in the description of the earthquake in Sicily, he is grandiloquent without true force or spirit. His ear for blank verse was much finer than for the heroic measure; and though it was not the swelling fulness nor the variety of Milton, it is limpid and harmonious, and suited to the subjects of which he treats. As “The Task” is one of the most charming poems in the world, so it is also among the most original. Mimicry, Cowper said, was his abhorrence, and he at one time avoided reading verse for fear he should be betrayed into unconscious imitation. He states, however, that the poets of established reputation remained as fresh in his memory as when they were the companions of his youth; and

nobody can fail to perceive how much he has been influenced in his descriptions of nature by “The Seasons” of Thomson. He outstrips his predecessor. The proportion in him of what is good is larger, and his good passages are in general of a higher grade of excellence. His language is more select and felicitous, his metre is more musical, his scenes are more picturesque, and his topics are more various. “The Winter” of Thomson, which is his noblest production, will not stand a comparison as a whole with the “Winter Evening” of Cowper.

It speaks well for the taste of the day that “The Task” became immediately popular. In the same volume appeared another piece which was already famous. This was the “History of John Gilpin,” which was printed for the first time in the “Public Advertiser” towards the close of 1782. It was here again Lady Austen who prompted him. She had known the story from her childhood, and related it to him one evening when he was suffering under more than ordinary dejection. He continued to break out into convulsions of laughter after he retired to bed, and his merriment not permitting him to sleep, he turned the incidents into verse. From the effect which the tale had upon him, it may be presumed that he owed the comical details as well as the outline to his friend, and that he did little more than supply the language and the metre. Nothing can be happier than the manner in which he has dressed up the diverting mishaps which befall the London shopkeeper, who, with all the confidence of inexperience unconscious of the difficulty, attempts to ride on horseback when he has never ridden before. The good-humor with which Cowper has endowed his “knight of the stone bottles” imparts an additional air of hilarity to the ballad.

“When Betty, screaming, came down stairs,
‘The wine is left behind.’”

a less amiable man would have broken out into angry exclamations at the dreadful neglect of his wife.

“‘Good luck!’ quoth he, ‘yet bring it me.’”

is all the vexation which John expresses, and he evinces the same beaming, easy disposition at every stage of his disasters. The ludicrous sallies of Cowper were by his own account a violent effort to turn aside his thoughts from the gloom which overwhelmed him; but how-

ever low his spirits might be by nature, he had equally by nature a strong vein of pleasantry, which was too habitual to be always the result of determination.

Before "The Task" was finished the friendship with the lady who suggested it was dissolved. In the summer of 1781 she was staying with her sister, Mrs. Jones, the wife of a clergyman, who lived in the vicinity of Olney. The poet was on visiting terms with the Joneses, and chancing to see Lady Austen in their company when he was looking out of his window, he was so struck with her appearance, that he sent Mrs. Unwin to invite them to tea. His first impression was confirmed. He was charmed with his new acquaintance, an immediate intimacy ensued, and she was shortly known to him by the endearing title of "Sister Anne." She was a woman of quick sensibilities, "had high spirits, a lively fancy, and great readiness of conversation." Her vivacity was tempered by a solid understanding, and a moral worth "which induced us," says Cowper, "in spite of that cautious reserve that marks our characters, to trust her, to love and value her, and to open our hearts for her reception." So sprightly, so intelligent, and so affectionate a companion was like new life to the lonely hypochondriac. To go into her society was to step out of gloom into sunshine, and his dark musings vanished under the influence of her contagious cheerfulness. Anxious to perpetuate the blessing, he encouraged her to take lodgings in the vicarage-house, which was only occupied in part by the curate. Thither she removed in 1782, and there Cowper visited her every morning after breakfast, and there he and Mrs. Unwin dined with her every alternate day. The intervening days were not lost to friendship, for the sole difference was that Lady Austen dined with them. Thus it continued till the summer of 1784, when the poet during her absence wrote her a letter, in which, with many expressions of tender regret, he broke off the intimacy. His reason for this step was the supposition of Lady Austen that his love meant marriage. He addressed "Sister Anne" some affectionate verses; and Hayley, who received his information from herself, says that, though it is not the inference he should have drawn, "she might easily be pardoned if she was induced by them to hope that they might possibly be a prelude to a

still dearer alliance." The letter in which Cowper put an end to this expectation was burned by the disappointed lady in a moment of vexation, but she spoke of its contents to Hayley, who expressly declares that it would have "exhibited a proof that, animated by the warmest admiration of the great poet, she was willing to devote her life and fortune to his service and protection." It is extraordinary that there should have been any speculation upon the cause of the severance, when we have the direct testimony of a man of delicate feelings, who was far too scrupulous upon such subjects to have published a conjecture in the form of an assertion.*

It is certain that Cowper, on his part, had never entertained the notion of matrimony. He had contracted obligations towards Mrs. Unwin which must have precluded the idea, even if no other objection had existed. For twenty years she had waited upon him with a tender assiduity of which women alone are capable, spending her health in his service and never wearying of her mournful task. In his repeated fits of dejection she could hardly venture to leave him for a moment, night or day, and her poor bark, he said, was shattered by being tossed so long by the side of his own. Lady Hesketh never recovered the effects of a winter which she spent with him during one of his attacks. Lovable as he was from his genius and disposition, the exhaustion of body and spirit which the attendance upon him involved would have tired out any person who had not carried friendship to the pitch of devotion. Instead of being, as he was, among the worthiest of men, he must have been a monster of ingratitude if he could have been so little touched by Mrs. Unwin's self-sacrifice and affection as to desert her in her age for a newly discovered acquaintance, and leave her to solitude and neglect. Neither is there the slightest reason to suppose that, apart from his sense of duty, he would have given the preference to her rival. In conversation Lady Austen was more brilliant than Mrs. Unwin, but the most dazzling are seldom the most valuable qualities, and the fascinations which were a pleasing supplement to existence would have supplied the place of the endurance, the meekness, the sterling sense, and sympathy.

* Mr. Willmott is of the same opinion, and says that the cause of the separation from Lady Austen is "stated by Hayley with a positiveness and authority that cannot be questioned."

thetic tastes of his old and faithful ally. Her character has been drawn by Lady Hesketh, who says of her, that she loved him as well as one human being could love another, that she had no will or shadow of inclination that was not his, and that she went through her almost incredible fatigues with an air of ease which took away every appearance of hardship. Notwithstanding her trials, she preserved a great fund of gayety, and laughed upon the smallest provocation. Her knowledge and intelligence were both considerable. She was well read in the poets, and had a true taste for what was excellent in literature. Cowper had the highest opinion of her judgment. He submitted all his writings to her criticism, and asserted that she had a perception of what was good and bad in composition that he never knew deceive her. He always abided by her decision, altered where she condemned, and, if she approved, had no fear that anybody else could find fault with reason. Such a rare combination of merits was not likely, with a person of Cowper's disposition, to be cast into the shade by the cleverness, vivacity, and personal charms of Lady Austen. He proved, indeed, by his conduct a few years later, that his attachment to his admirable Mary was as deep as hers had been to him, and that he realized in practice the beautiful ideal which he had drawn of friendship in his "Valediction," where he describes it as a

"Union of hearts without a flaw between."

The literary fame of Cowper caused some of the friends and relations, who supposed him lost to themselves and the world, to reopen their intercourse with him. Foremost among the number was his cousin Lady Hesketh. Their correspondence had been suspended for nearly nineteen years, when she once more addressed him in October, 1785. He was transported with pleasure at the renewal of his intimacy with this dear companion of his youth. His letters to her thenceforth overflow with fondness, and were only interrupted by her annual visits to him. She went to Olney in June, 1786, and was lodged in the rooms which Lady Austen had vacated at the vicarage. Never did the poet look forward to any event with more eager delight than to the anticipated meeting, and the reality did not belie his expectations. Her company, he said, was a cordial of which he should

feel the effect as long as he lived. Her arrival brought with it another advantage. Cowper had become friendly with the Throckmortons, a Roman Catholic family, who lived at the pretty village of Weston, about a mile from Olney. They had a house to let, which was commodious in itself, and had the additional recommendation that it adjoined their own pleasure-grounds, "where a slipper would not be soiled even in winter," and where in summer avenues of limes and elms afforded a delicious shade. Of all the places within his range it was the one which the poet preferred for its beauties, but it was rendered inaccessible to him in bad weather by the intervening road of mud, and in sultry weather "he was fatigued before he reached it, and when he reached had not time to enjoy it." Though the Throckmortons were anxious to have him for a tenant for the sake of his society, and he was equally anxious to embrace the offer for the sake of their walks and prospects, as well as their company, his inability to bear the expense of furnishing would not permit him to entertain the project. No sooner did Lady Hesketh appear upon the scene than she insisted upon defraying the cost of the removal; and November saw her cousin comfortably housed in the "Lodge" at Weston. He had not shifted his quarters before it was necessary. The ceilings of his miserable tenement at Olney were cracked, the walls were crumbling; and when a shoemaker and a publican proposed after his departure to share it between them, the village carpenter pronounced that unless it was propped they would inhabit it at the hazard of their lives. Once the poet returned to take a look at his old, tottering dwelling. "Never," he says, "did I see so forlorn and woful a spectacle." Cold, dreary, dirty, and ruinous, it seemed unfit to be the abode of human beings. His eyes notwithstanding had filled with tears when he first bid adieu to it, for he remembered how often he had enjoyed there in happier days a sense of the presence of God, and that now, as he supposed, he had lost it forever.

Any gratification which may have been produced by the removal to Weston was quickly dispelled. He had not been there above two or three weeks when Mr. Unwin caught a fever and died. Cowper spoke of the loss with calmness in his letters; and, affectionate and united as the friends had always been, they met so seldom that the event could have

left little void in his life. Mrs. Unwin bore her heavier share in the calamity with the resignation she had acquired from prolonged trials and habitual piety; but, depressed herself, she must have been less equal than usual to cheering her companion, and the deeper gloom which overshadowed him may have been the cause of the fresh attack of lunacy which shortly after supervened. There is a gap in his correspondence from January 18 to July 24, 1787; and he passed the interval in a state of almost total insanity. As in his two previous attacks, he attempted suicide. He hanged himself, and was only saved by the accident of Mrs. Unwin coming in before he was dead and cutting him down. When he recovered he informed Mr. Newton that for thirteen years he had believed him not to be the friend he loved, but somebody else. He considered it at least one beneficial effect of his illness that it had released him from this disagreeable suspicion, and that he no longer doubted the identity of his old familiar companion, nor was compelled to act a deceitful part when he addressed him. No limits can be placed to the hallucinations of a disordered understanding; and it would be possible in the nature of things that, when he emerged from the visitation of 1773, he might fancy, in spite of the evidence of his senses, that the pastor at the vicarage was a mockery and a cheat, and only the outward semblance of the genuine man. In this case, however, it is certain that no such delusion had existed, and that the impression was a chimera engendered by the disease of 1787. After Mr. Newton settled in London, Cowper wrote to him once a fortnight, or oftener, and his letters have none of the constraint which the alleged conviction must have produced. They are, on the contrary, peculiarly confidential. They chiefly turn upon those fearful secrets of his heart which he would have been the least willing to lay bare to a stranger, and display throughout a strong attachment and a reverential regard. They have not the same playfulness as his sportive epistles to Mr. Unwin, but this was because he thought it due to the apostolical character of Mr. Newton to abstain from trifling. Religion had been the original bond of their intimacy; and when the poet ceased to partake of the consolations of Christianity, the point of sympathy was not changed, though the instrument sent forth a melancholy, instead of a cheerful, sound. He

poured his spiritual grief, as he had once poured his spiritual joys, into the ears of his confessor, and told him that to converse with him, even upon paper, was the most delightful of all employments, since it helped to make things seem as they had been. He would not have penned these words if he had believed that he was addressing an impostor, any more than he would have signified to him, 'as he did, the extreme satisfaction he had derived from his society when this honored friend came to stay with him at Olney. He gave practical proofs of the sincerity of his professions. He submitted his first volume of poems to Mr. Newton's revision, asked him to write the preface, and requested that he would allow his name to appear on the title-page as editor. His habitual words and acts all alike discountenance the idea that in his more lucid years his madness was carried to the pitch of discrediting the identity of one of his dearest intimates. It was a retrospective notion created and fixed in his mind during his latest fit of frenzy.

It was fortunate for the poet that before his attack he had embarked in an occupation which engaged without trying his faculties, and which assisted to promote his returning convalescence. When he had completed the "Task" he found that a fresh scheme was essential to draw off his attention from his disordered thoughts. He was unable, he says, to produce another page of original poetry for as he did not go out of himself for his materials he soon exhausted the stock of his experience. In his early manhood he had read Homer with a fellow-Templar, and as they read they compared the original with the translation of Pope. They were disgusted to find that puerile conceits, extravagant metaphors, and modern tinsel had been substituted for the majesty and simplicity of the Grecian, and they were often on the point of burning his unfaithful representative. The recollection came back upon Cowper when he was at a loss for employment, and induced him, as an experiment, to take up the "Iliad" and turn a few lines into blank verse. With no other design than the amusement of the hour he went on with the work, till, pleased with his success, he resolved to translate both the *Epics* of Homer. He determined that he would accomplish at least forty lines a day; and as he was firm in his purpose, and never intermitted his task, the vast project proceeded

rapidly. He had been two years engaged upon it when it was interrupted by his illness, and he resumed it with eagerness the moment his madness abated. His first version was full of the quaint language of the writers of the fifteenth century, which he imagined was the kind of English that made the closest approach to the simplicity of the Greek. His friends objected to his obsolete phrasology. He began by altering it with reluctance, and ended by wondering that he had ever adopted it. His corrections amounted to a retranslation of the work, and his retranslation went through two elaborate revisions. Five years of incessant labor were expended on the undertaking, nor was it time thrown away. His *Homer* is a great performance. He has preserved the vivid pictures, the naked grandeur, and the primitive manners of the original. He does not excel Pope more in fidelity than in true poetic power. The style may seem austere at a casual glance, but will be found on a close acquaintance to be full of picturesqueness, dignity, and force. In the passages where he creeps, the old bard himself has seldom soared very high. The combined majesty and melody of the ancient measure could not be approached, but the blank verse of Cowper's translation has a fuller swell and greater variety of cadence than his "Task," and is, in general, sufficient to sustain the ideas. His version is not, and never will be, popular, but those who turn from the English *Homer* with distaste would probably be devoid of a genuine relish for the Greek.

In 1789, while "Homer" was still in progress, John Johnson, then an undergraduate at Cambridge, and grandson of Roger Donne, who was the brother of Cowper's mother, made a pilgrimage into Buckinghamshire, out of pure admiration for his kinsman's works. Charmed with the young man's simplicity, enthusiasm, and affection, the poet treated him like a son. Through his means a communication was opened with some of the great author's other maternal relations; and a cousin, Mrs. Bodham, sent as a present to Weston the portrait of his mother, which produced the famous lines that are known and treasured by thousands who care little for poetry. He tells us that he wrote them "not without tears," and without tears they have rarely been read. The description was as usual, the literal transcript of his feelings, and

the language was the worthy vehicle of his life-long affection for the revered mother who inspired them. He struck a cord which found an echo in every heart that ever loved; and the touching allusions to his own tragic story redoubled the pathos. It is the glorious distinction of Cowper that he is the domestic poet of England, and has his hold upon the mind by more pervading and charming sentiments than any other writer of verse.

His "*Homer*" dismissed, Cowper had again to seek a scheme on which to employ his thoughts. His publisher projected a splendid edition of Milton's works, and engaged him to translate the Latin poems and annotate the English. Hayley was employed about the same time to write a *Life* of the illustrious bard for another edition; and the newspapers represented the two editors as antagonists. Upon this Hayley sent a sonnet and a letter to Cowper disclaiming the rivalry, and expressing the warmest admiration of his poetry. From being total strangers, a vehement friendship sprang up between them. An invitation to Weston was accepted by Hayley. The personal intercourse increased their mutual attachment, and "dear brother" was the title they bestowed on one another. Shy and reserved as Cowper was, and little as he was disposed to seek acquaintances, he was no sooner brought in contact with a congenial spirit than his social feelings flamed forth. His later correspondence glows with affection for the new friends who were attracted to him by the delight they had received from his writings. But he did not long enjoy this accession to his pleasures. In December, 1791, Mrs. Unwin had a slight paralytic attack. "I feel," he said, "the shock in every nerve. God grant that there may be no repetition of it!" The repetition came, nevertheless, and with increased severity, in May, 1792. She lost her powers of speech, and the use of her legs and right arm, and could neither read, nor knit, nor do any thing to amuse herself. "I have suffered," wrote the poet, "nearly the same disability in mind on the occasion as she in body." He abandoned Milton, took upon himself the office of nurse, and wore out his strength and spirits in attending on her. He who had been unable to bear his burden without her assistance, had now to carry her load as well as his own. Bowed down by the double pressure, his gloom increased

upon him. His dreams were more troubled; he heard voices more frequently, and their language was more threatening. He was prevailed upon to visit Hayley at his place in Sussex, in the hope that his patient would be benefited by the change. His long seclusion and his shattered nerves made a stage-coach journey appear more alarming to him than a campaign would be to men of sterner stuff. He set off in August, 1792, and remained at Eartham six or seven weeks. Mrs. Unwin derived no substantial advantage, and shortly afterwards grew weaker both in mind and body. Cowper said of the lines on his mother's picture that he composed them with more pleasure than any he had ever written, with a single exception, and that exception was the sonnet in which he celebrated the devoted woman whom one of his friends described "as an angel in every thing but her face." The poet now addressed to her a more famous piece. His verses "To Mary" are among the most touching and beautiful ever penned. The intensity of his affection for his poor paralytic informs every line, and is summed up in the exclamation "*My Mary!*" which forms the burden to each stanza. Simple as is the phrase, he has made it speak volumes of love and tenderness by its connection and repetition.

The steady decline of his "Mary's" understanding dragged his down along with it. Lady Hesketh paid him her annual visit in the winter of 1793. He then hardly stirred from the side of Mrs. Unwin, who was fast re-apsing into second childhood. He took no exercise, nor used his pen, nor even read a book, unless to her. To watch her sufferings in bleak despair, and to endeavor to relieve them, was his sole business in life. By the spring of 1784 he was reduced to that state that he refused to taste any food except a small piece of toasted bread dipped in water. He did not open his letters, nor would suffer them to be read to him. Lord Spencer procured him a pension from the crown of £300 a year, and he was not in a condition to be told of the circumstance. He abandoned his little avocations of netting and putting together maps, and, goaded by the restless spirit within him, walked up and down the room for entire days. He lived in hourly terror that he should be carried away, and once stayed from morning till evening in

his room, keeping guard over his bed, under the apprehension that somebody would get possession of it in his absence, and prevent his lying down on it any more. The sole hope of his restoration was in change of scene and air, and with much difficulty young Johnson at last prevailed on the sufferers to accompany him to Tuddenham in Norfolk. The transference was effected in July, 1795, and in August they moved on to the village of Mundesley, on the coast—a place impressive from the gloom of its sea and cliffs, but ill suited to cheer the desolate mind of Cowper. "The most forlorn of beings," he wrote on his arrival, "I tread the shore under the burden of infinite despair, and view every vessel that approaches the coast with an eye of jealousy and fear, lest it arrive with a commission to seize me." The feeling that he should be suddenly laid hold of, and hurried away to torment, continued to grow on him. In January, 1796, he informed Lady Hesketh "that in six days' time, at the latest, he should no longer foresee but feel the accomplishment of all his fears;" and in February he wrote her a letter, in which he bid her adieu, and told her that, unless her answer arrived next day, he should not be on earth to receive it. His afflicted Mary was the first to be released. She calmly sunk to her rest in the December of this year, at East Dereham, in Norfolk, where Mr. Johnson had taken a house. Cowper uttered no allusion to her danger, nor seemed to be conscious of it, till the morning of her dissolution, when, on the servant coming in to open his shutters, he said, "Sally, is there life above stairs?" A few hours after she breathed her last, and when he was informed of it he conceived the idea that she was not really dead, but would wake up in the grave, and undergo, on his account, the horrors of suffocation. He therefore expressed a wish to see her, and, under the influence of his preconception, he fancied he observed her stir. On a closer view he plainly discovered that she was a corpse. He flung himself to the other side of the room, as from an object that was much too painful to behold, and never mentioned her again. Her memory was associated with happier days, and to speak of her in his present depths of misery would have aggravated his distress.

In the winter of 1797 he was beguiled into revising his translation of Homer, and worked

at it steadily as of old, till he had gone through the whole. He completed his task on the 8th of March, 1798, and a few days afterwards he wrote "The Castaway." This was his final effort at original composition. The rack of mind he had undergone for years allowed his genius to burn at intervals as brightly as ever. His last is one of his most powerful pieces, and its only fault is, that it is too painful in its pathos. During the two remaining years of his pilgrimage he at-

tempted nothing of more moment than to translate little Latin poems into English, or English poems into Latin. In the spring of 1800, symptoms of drowsy appeared in his feet, and quickly proved fatal. A physician who visited him asked him how he felt. "Feel!" he replied; "I feel unutterable despair." Such despair he continued to feel while consciousness remained, and he expired on the 25th of April, to wake up from his delusion in a happier world.

Cedant arma togæ! chains and bludgeons to muslin and crinoline! It is a good exchange, and all honor to the philanthropists who have effected it. The annual ball which took place this week, at St. Luke's Hospital for the insane, is the source of these congratulatory remarks. This festivity, however, is only one of the numerous changed modes of treatment under which sixty-eight and a half per cent of lunatics now recover from the disease instead of three. Plenty of exercise and a very considerable amount of freedom are among the other restoratives employed. Moderate lunatics are allowed actually to go out on parole, and are found to return at the proper hour with perfect regularity. It is a curious idea, that of a man quietly walking about among his fellow-creatures, visiting them at their houses or offices, and behaving for all the world like one of themselves, till a certain stated hour of the day which warns him to return to the society of madmen. "No, thank you; I must dine at home to-day;" or, "You are very kind, but they expect me at St. Luke's;" or some such phrase as that would sound queerly enough from the lips of some perfectly quiet and well-behaved gentleman, pulling out his watch at the same time, and hurrying back to his hospital as a man does to his boarding-house. Or, what would be still more singular, would be a meeting between two of the dancers of last Wednesday after they had been cured and returned to the world. How curiously Mr. Brown would eye Miss Smith as the hostess introduced him for the next quadrille, and he "remembered that the last time he had the pleasure of meeting her" was at the Peacock's "at home," or the Empress of China's wedding! How would she greet him? Would they talk shop? Would they make merry over that wonderful recipe for cabinet-pudding which the lady had invented, of which the first principle was to wash and pick a pound of tin-tacks, or recall the amiable delusion of

the gentleman about converting the planet Venus? For those who are expert at imaginary conversations we think here is a good idea.
—*Press.*

GRANDILOQUENT.—The Americans of Baltimore have addressed, through their Superior Council, the party throughout the state, and after deprecating the action of the legislature, and indulging in high hope for the future, thus invite to another struggle:—

"And now, Americans of the everlasting Alleghanian mountains, dash down from your fastnesses with irresistible force, and gathering new strength from the rich valleys of the county honored by the name of the Father of his Country, descend to Monocacy's fertile plains and the grass-clad hills of Linganore, there to marshal your majorities by hundreds. Then sweep through Montgomery's fair fields, and the lands of Carroll, endeared to us by revolutionary memories, until you reach the district of our own Howard, and Arundel's iron banks. Risen from hundreds now to thousands, your majorities will meet with American voices from the land of the pilgrims of St. Mary's, Prince George's dark forests, Charles' Potomac shores, and Calvert's broad fields, ennobled by the memories of Baltimore's first proprietary. Meantime, let the tide of American majorities from Worcester's island coast roll up along the plains of the eastern shore, swelled by the voices of Somerset, unconquerable Dorchester, Caroline, Queen Anne's 'pocket-piece,' Kent, Cecil, and Talbot, and wheeling around the head of our noble bay, be ready to join old Hartford and nicely balanced Baltimore County, and send in a wave of friendly greeting to meet a similar one from the south, to swell our own Baltimore majority, until it shall rise mountain high, obliterating every trace of the party now seeking to fasten us to the car of disunionism."

From The Press.

THE POPE AND THE CONGRESS.

THE following is the translation of the very important pamphlet by M. de la Guéronnière, which has lately been published—of course, by permission—at Paris:—

I.

We wish, in a true Catholic spirit, to study a question which has imprudently become impassioned. "Passion," says Montesquieu, "makes us feel, but never makes us see." Let us then endeavor to banish it from a subject where conscience and reason can alone speak with authority. Between those who, detesting the temporal power of the pope, loudly invoke his fall, and those who, looking upon that power as an article of faith, will not allow it to be touched, there is place for a less exclusive opinion in one sense or the other. This opinion, which respects equally the rights of peoples and the interests of religion, protests against that antagonism to which they are seemingly exposed by absolute-minded men starting from opposite points, and who clash in a mutual resistance. We sincerely believe that it is not impossible for the sovereign pontiff to retain his patrimony without imposing by force upon the populations an authority which reigns in the name of God. If this conciliation could be effected it would be a great triumph for politics and for the Church. Whatever may be the result, the attempt is noble.

II.

First of all, is the temporal power of the pope necessary for the exercise of his spiritual power? The Catholic doctrine and political reason here agree in replying in the affirmative. In a religious point of view it is essential that the pope should be a sovereign. In a political point of view it is necessary that the head of two hundred millions of Catholics should not be dependent on any one, not be subservient to any power, and that the august hand which sways the soul, free from all trammels, should be able to soar above all human passions. If the pope were not an independent sovereign, he would be either French, Spanish, Austrian, or Italian, and the title of his nationality would deprive him of his character as universal pontiff. The Holy See would be nothing more than the stay of a throne at Paris, Vienna, or Madrid. It was so at a former period, and a successor of St.

Peter had the misfortune to allow his authority to be absorbed in the "*Holy German Empire*." Europe was deeply shaken by it, and that disturbance of its moral and political equilibrium lasted for nearly three centuries. The struggle between Guelph and Ghibelline was, in reality, nothing else but an effort to emancipate the papacy from the preponderance of the emperor of Germany. Even at the present day those historical denominations have survived the events. The head of the Church is styled Guelph or Ghibelline, according as he is considered a partisan of Austria or the representative of Italian nationality and of the independence of the Holy See. All the great popes were Guelphs, because the condition of their glory was to belong to themselves—that is to say, to acknowledge only the authority of God. Whenever they made their authority subservient to the interests of a prince they altered the true principle of their authority. The Church suffered—Europe suffered from it.

The spiritual power, the seat of which is at Rome, cannot be displaced without shaking the political power, not only in the Catholic states, but in all Christian states. It is equally important for England, Russia, and Prussia, as it is for France and Austria, that the august representative of Catholic unity should neither be constrained, nor humiliated, nor subordinate. Rome is the centre of a moral power too universal for it not to be in the interests of all governments and all peoples that it should not incline to any side, and that it should remain immovable on the sacred rock which no human power can overthrow.

III.

The necessity of the temporal power of the pope in the double point of view of the interests of religion and of political order in Europe is, therefore, clearly proved. But what is this power in itself? How can the Catholic authority, founded upon dogma, be reconciled with a conventional authority, founded on public morals, human interests, social wants? How can the pope be at the same time pontiff and king? How can the man of the gospel, who forgives, be the man of the law, who punishes? How can the head of the Church, who excommunicates heretics, be the head of the state, who protects freedom of conscience? Such is the problem to be solved. Doubtless the problem is diffi-

cult. There is, in some measure, antagonism between the prince and the pontiff confounded in the same personification. The pontiff is bound by principles of divine order which he cannot discard. The prince has to respond to the claims of society which he cannot disown. Where, then, are the means to be found that the mission of the pontiff may find in the independence of the prince a guarantee of his authority, without finding therein at the same time an embarrassment for his conscience?

If we were to seek for the solution of this problem in the customary forms of the government of peoples we should not find it. There does not exist in the world a constitution of a nature to conciliate exigencies so diverse. It is neither by monarchy nor by liberty that this end can be obtained. The power of the pope can only be a paternal power; he must rather resemble a family than a state. Thus, not only is it not necessary that his territory should be of large extent, but we think that it is even essential that it should be limited. The smaller the territory, the greater will be the sovereign.

In fact, a great state implies certain requirements (*exigences*) which it is impossible for the pope to satisfy. A great state would like to follow up the politics of the day, to perfect its institutions, participate in the general movement of ideas, take advantage of the transformations of the age, of the conquests of science, of the progress of the human mind. He cannot do it. The laws will be shackled by dogmas. His authority will be paralyzed by traditions. His patriotism will be condemned by faith. He must either resign himself to immobility, or rise even to revolt. The world will advance and leave him behind. Then, of two things, one will happen,—either every thing will be extinguished in that people and nothing will remain in it of the generous activity of public life, or else the noble aspirations of nationality will burst through, and it will become necessary, as we have witnessed already, for material force to supply the deficiencies of moral authority. The temporal power of the pope under these conditions cannot maintain itself unless protected by an Austrian or French military occupation;—a painful resource, for every power that does not exist upon its national strength and public confidence is simply an institution—is but an expedient. The Church, far from finding therein a condition

of independence, would only find a cause of discredit and incapacity. This is not what France can wish. This is not what truly religious men can desire.

IV.

Thus, then, the temporal power of the pope is necessary and legitimate; but it is incompatible with a state of any extent. It is only possible, if exempt from all the ordinary conditions of power—that is to say, from every thing that constitutes its activity, its development, its progress. It must exist without an army, without a parliament, so to say, without a code of laws or a court of justice. It is a distinct system, and which approaches nearer to family authority than to the government of a people. Under this system the dogmas are the laws, the priests are the legislators, the altars are the citadels, and the spiritual weapons are the only defence of the government. The power lies less in its strength than in its weakness; it is to be found in the respect which it commands, and in the happiness which it gives to those to whom it refuses the enjoyments of a political life.

Hence it naturally ensues, in our opinion, that the question is not to ascertain whether the pope shall have more or fewer subjects more or less territory. He must have sufficient not to be subjugated himself and to be a sovereign of the temporal order. But this sovereignty must not render it obligatory upon him to act a political part, for then the pontiff, instead of finding in this power a guarantee of independence, would find only a condition of servitude for himself or a necessity of servitude for his people.

The existence may be admitted in Europe of a small corner of earth free from the passions and interests which agitate other peoples, and devoted solely to the glory of God. In that corner of earth, illustrated by the grandest reminiscences of history, the centre of Catholic unity has replaced the capital of the world. Rome, which formerly resumed within her all the grandeur of the pagan era, has an exceptional calling. In losing her political domination she has acquired a domination of a more elevated character in the spiritual order, and she styles herself "the Eternal City!" Religion, souvenirs, and the arts also form a nationality. Those who live at Rome, under the authority of the Head of the Church, are doubtless subject to particular conditions of social and civil life; but if they are no longer the members of a great country they are still the citizens of a glorious metropolis, which extends its influence wherever faith is maintained and spreads. Rome belongs, then, to the head of the Church. Should she slip away from that

August power, she will at once lose all her prestige; Rome with a tribune, orators, writers, a secular government, and a prince at the Vatican, would be nothing more than a town. Liberty would disinherit her. After having given laws to the whole world, she can only retain her greatness by commanding souls. The Roman Senate has no other compensation worthy of it but the Vatican.

V.

History, religion, politics, justify, then, completely a derogation from the regular and normal conditions of the life of peoples. Nothing more simple, more legitimate, and more essential than the pope throning at Rome and possessing a limited territory. To satisfy so high an interest it is fully permitted to withdraw some hundred thousand souls from the life of nations (without, however, sacrificing them), and giving them guarantees of welfare and social protection. The government of the pope must be paternal in its administration, as it is by its nature. He who calls himself the holy father ought to be a father for all his subjects. If his institutions are beyond the principles which guarantee the rights of government in a political society, his acts ought to be only the more irreproachable, and when he cannot be imitated by any one he will be the envy of all men. We look, therefore, upon the temporal government of the pope as the image of the government of the Church. It is a pontificate, and not a dictatorship. The large development of his municipal area relieving him from the responsibility of administrative interests, he can maintain himself in a sphere far above the management of affairs. A member of the Italian Confederation, he is protected by the Federal army. A pontifical army ought not to be more than an emblem of public order. When enemies are to be fought, either at home or abroad, it is not the head of the Church to draw the sword. Blood shed in his name seems an insult to Divine mercy, which he represents: when he raises his hand it ought to be to bless, and not to strike.

Another very important point is that the Catholic religion does not remain exclusively at the charge of the subjects of the pontifical government. The pope is the spiritual sovereign of all his flock; it would not be equitable that the necessary expenses to maintain the splendor which appertains to the majesty of the head of the Church should be supported by the populations of his states. It is for the Catholic powers to provide the means which concern them all by a large tribute paid to the holy father. His budget will thus not be exclusively Roman, and will be international, like his authority, which in a

religious point of view is recognized and respected everywhere where the dogma which he represents is the law of consciences. In this manner a double result, equally precious will be maintained. On the one hand, the pope will find in the tribute of the Catholic powers a new proof of the universality and unity of the moral power which he exercises; and, on the other, he will not be obliged to press upon his people by taxes which would not fill his treasury except by throwing discredit on his name.

In short, there will be a people in Europe who will be ruled less by a king than by a father, and whose rights will be guaranteed rather by the heart of the sovereign than by the authority of the laws and institutions. This people will have no national representation, no army, no press, no magistracy. The whole of its political existence will be limited to its municipal organization. Beyond that narrow circle, it will have no other resource than contemplation, the arts, the study of ruins (*la culture des ruines*), and prayer. It will be forever disinherited of that noble portion of activity which in every country is the stimulus of patriotism and the legitimate exercise of the faculties of the mind of superior characters. Under the government of the sovereign pontiff there can be no aspiration either to the glory of the soldier or the triumphs of the orator or of the statesman. It will be the government of peace and reflection—a sort of oasis where the passions and interests of politics will not trespass, and which will only have the sweet and calm contemplations of a spiritual world.

Doubtless, there is in this exceptional condition something painful for men who feel within them noble ambitions to serve and raise themselves by merit, and who are condemned to inaction. It is a sacrifice which must be asked from them in a higher order of interests, before which private interests must fall. Moreover, if the subjects of the pope, are deprived of a political existence, they will be indemnified, on the other hand, by a most paternal government, by the exemption from taxation, by the moral greatness of their country, which is the centre of the Catholic faith, and by the presence of a court, the brilliancy of which, necessary for the double majesty of the pontiff and of the prince, will be maintained by the means of liberal tributes paid by the Catholic powers of Europe. These considerations have surely some value, and, after all, under such a system, with such advantages, and with the chance of having great popes, such as history records, it will always be an honor to call one's self a Roman citizen—*civis Romanus*.

VI.

Necessity of maintaining the temporal power of the pope;

Necessity of divesting it as much as possible of all the responsibilities incumbent upon a government, and of placing the head of the church in a sphere where his spiritual authority can neither be shackled nor compromised by his political authority;

Necessity, to achieve this, of restricting instead of extending his territory, and of diminishing rather than increasing the number of his subjects;

Necessity of giving to the population of these states, thus deprived of the advantages of a political existence compensations by a paternal and economical administration:—

Such is in a few words the substance of what we have endeavored to demonstrate in the preceding pages.

As consequence of this demonstration, another question presents itself—a delicate question, but the solution of which we imagine will become easier at the light of the principles we have laid down.

The Romagna has been separated *de facto* for some months from the authority of the pope. It has been living under a provisional government. It is actively ruled by a government whose powers extend over all the states of Central Italy. Thus this separation bears for it all the marks of a *fait accompli*.

Is the Romagna to be restored to the pope? To resolve this question we wish only to consult the interests of the papacy. As we have already said, it is in a Catholic spirit that we write, and we seek solely what may be advantageous to the Church, to assure to its august head the security and grandeur which France, more than any other nation, is bound to give him.

Thus, it is not our task here to study the interests of the population of the Romagna, the right they may have to give themselves another form of government, the complaints which they raise against the pontifical administration, the sincerity more or less serious of the votes which have pronounced the annexation to Piedmont;—this does not come within our subject.

Is it advisable, yes or no, for the glory of the Church, for the authority of its head, that the Romagna should be restored to the patrimony of the holy father? This is all that we have to examine.

VII.

The Romagna, despite the cession made of it by the Holy See in 1796, is a perfectly legitimate possession of the pontifical government. The insurrection of its inhabitants against the pope, is thence a revolt against legal right and against treaties. It is in vir-

tue of the treaties of 1815 that the Romagna, which formed a part of the kingdom of Italy under the empire, was finally restored to the pope. As long as those treaties subsist it is incontestable that the sovereign pontiff is justified in asserting his claim, as he has done, to a portion of his territory which has thrown off his sovereignty.

But are the papacy and religion interested in this claim? Here conscience hesitates, and its sentiment disagrees with the rigorous interpretation of legal right. Is the Romagna, which is a legitimate possession of the holy see, a necessary extension of his temporal authority? Does it bring him a condition of power and security? If it were thus, there would be no doubt; the question would be settled in the opinion of all good Catholics.

We ourselves are of the opinion that that separation of the Romagna would not tend to diminish the temporal power of the pope. His territory, it is true, would be diminished, but his political authority, disencumbered of a resistance which paralyzes it, would not be weakened, but morally strengthened. For let us repeat it, the authority of the head of the Church does not lie in the extent of a territory which he cannot retain except by the support of foreign arms, and in the number of subjects which he is obliged to oppress to make them submit; it lies in the confidence and respect which he inspires, and which relieve him from having recourse to extreme measures of rigor and constraint, bad for all governments, but especially so for a prince who reigns Gospel in hand.

What matters it, then, to the prestige, to the dignity, to the greatness of the sovereign pontiff, the square miles comprised in his states? Does he want space to be beloved and venerated? Are not his benedictions and his teachings the most powerful manifestations of his right? Does he not love and bless the whole universe? Whether he rules over few or many, that is not the question; what is essential is that he should have a sufficient number of subjects to be independent, and that he should not have too many to be carried away by those currents of passions, of interests, of novelties which are produced everywhere where there are considerable agglomerations.

The importance of the pope does not consist in the twenty-one provinces which he actually possesses. Bologna, Ancona, and Ravenna, separated from Rome by a chain of mountains, the character of their inhabitants and historical souvenirs add nothing to the splendor of Rome. The pope throning at Rome, his seat at the Vatican, is what awes (*frappe*) the world. The sovereign of the Roman States is scarcely thought of.

However, we grant that if the Romagna belonged freely to the pope by the adhesion, the confidence, and attachment of its population, as it belongs to him by the right of history and by treaties, it could not be considered as an embarrassment for him. Facts prove that it is not so. Since the treaties of 1815 that portion of the States of the Church has not suffered less than twenty years of Austrian occupation. Austria was still at Bologna when the flag of France appeared on the Alps. It was its retreat which occasioned the departure of the legate and the overthrow of the papal authority. Without Austria that power can neither be restored nor maintained. All this, unhappily, is on incontrovertible evidence.

By restoring the Romagna to the holy father it would not be restoring to him respectful, submissive, and devoted subjects, ready to obey his behests; it would be giving him enemies of his power, resolved to resist him, and whom force alone could keep under. What would the Church gain thereby? It would be obliged to see unfaithful sons in rebellious subjects, and to excommunicate those it ought to strike. To assert its sovereignty it would perhaps have to renounce its noblest title, that of Mother. This is not what it desires. This is not what the bishops and the Catholics desire. A resumption of possession acquired at such sacrifices would be a disaster, and not a triumph. For some one million inhabitants restored to the temporal sway of the pope, it would give a blow to his spiritual authority from which the protection of God and the wisdom of Europe will know how to protect it.

VIII.

But this is not all. Let us take the impossible supposition that the Church does not fear this damage, and that the pope does not retreat before this extremity; let us suppose that it is agreed to restore the Romagna to the pontifical government,—how is it to be done? Is it by the voice of persuasion and by good counsel? But those means have been exhausted. The emperor of the French, who has constantly defended the rights of the Holy See, has exercised all his moral authority to calm the public mind in Central Italy, and to reconcile the populations with their former governments. It has not succeeded, and its influence failed before the impossible. There remains, then, but one means—force.

It is force only which can restore the Romagna to the condition imposed upon it by treaties and by history. Can it be employed? And if employed, who is to be charged with executing it? Is it France? Is it Austria?

An armed intervention to subjugate the Italians would be the most fatal step for the

late governments, especially for the pontifical government. Restorations effected by foreign arms have never been successful; they have always had to pay the penalty of their origin. When a government is imposed upon a country by the stranger, it is never accepted freely, and is nearly always violently overthrown.

It is true that France reinstated Pius IX at Rome. It is already a misfortune for the Church that it was necessary to have recourse to that extreme measure, and this is evident from the necessity of prolonging the occupation by our army. It must be added that Rome is in a situation quite exceptional, which traces her destiny. She is destined by her past greatness to the position she occupies since the establishment of the papacy. She cannot escape from it; her fate is settled (*réglé*). It is the decree of civilization, of history, and of God himself. But is that which is necessary for Rome also possible for the other cities of the Roman States? We do not think so; for the inconvenience of that intervention, already so considerable as regards the metropolis of Catholicism, would be far more serious if it became necessary to lay siege to every town of the legations. It would be the moral ruin of the authority of the sovereign pontiff. Instead of reigning by acknowledged right, and by the respect he inspires, he would have to reign by force.

Let us go still further, and ask who will be charged with this restoration by force? Would it be France? Would it be Austria?

France! But she cannot do it. A Catholic nation, she would never consent to strike so serious a blow at the moral power of Catholicism. A liberal nation, she could not compel a people to submit to a government which their will rejects.

Catholics who seek such a triumph for the church appear to us as dangerous for it as would be for the monarchy the royalists who would dream of re-establishing the ancient legitimacy by the aid of a new invasion.

As regards compelling peoples, France is not used to such work. When she meddles in their affairs it was to enfranchise them, and not to oppress them. Under Louis XV. we went to the New World to help it to achieve its nationality. Belgium and the Danubian Principalities are indebted to us for their political existence. It is not the emperor who could prove unfaithful to these generous traditions.

In Italy, more so than in any other country, France is bound to uphold the principles of her liberal policy. France has carefully avoided encouraging and recognizing the governments *de facto* in Central Italy,—she has exhausted her diplomatic efforts to reconcile the princes with the population; but she cannot forget that those governments sprung into

life the day Austria retreated. They arose from a legitimate reaction against foreign occupation, and from a noble outburst of nationality towards France, which came to save the independence of the peninsula.

What has fallen at Bologna, as at Modena, at Parma, and at Florence, is, then, not so much the authority of the former princes as the influence of Austria, under which the princes had unhappily effaced the national character of their sovereignty.

It would certainly have been very desirable if what has fallen from the reaction of the national sentiment so long oppressed could be re-established under the guarantee of reforms which had been promised. In giving her aid thereto, France was acting up to her policy of moderation; but in doing more, by turning now against the Italian people those victorious bayonets which six months ago protected it against Austria, she would be acting contrary to all her principles. No man of common sense would give her such advice.

IX.

But, if France cannot intervene, let her allow Austria to have her way. This is what the partisans of foreign intervention in Italy say. And should we have run the risk of a great war, gained four victories, lost fifty thousand men, spent three hundred millions, and shaken Europe, that Austria might on the morrow of peace resume in the peninsula the domination she exercised on the eve of her defeat? Magenta and Solferino should be simply trophies of contemporaneous history! Shall our soldiers have shed their blood for vain glory? French heroism be sterile? No! no! French policy does not harbor such inconsistencies and degradations.

The domination of Austria in Italy is at an end. This is the grand result of our campaign, consecrated by the peace of Villafranca. For Austria to return to Florence, to Parma, or to Bologna it would be necessary to admit that it was she who vanquished us. Let us render justice to her honesty and common sense. She does not pretend it, and those who in France make the pretence for her forget at the same time what our principles impose upon us, and what our honor prohibits us. Our principles bid us leave Italy to herself, and respect the sovereignty we have restored to her, on the condition that she will know how to conciliate its rights with the equilibrium of Europe. Our honor prohibits us from recognizing the right of Austria to armed intervention, which we do not admit for ourselves. France, then, cannot intervene for the re-establishment of the temporal power of the pope in the Romagna, and she cannot allow Austria to have recourse to force to compel

the populations, when she rejects its employment on her own account.

X.

If neither France nor Austria intervene, whose arm is it that will bring back the Romagna under the papal sway? Would it be that of an Italian power? There is but one power to which such a task might appertain, —Naples. But is that possible? The kingdom of the Two Sicilies is laboring under a deep-set movement in the public mind, which does not allow its government to attempt a diversion on the Abruzzi. It has need of all its forces to meet dangers at home, and by provoking a struggle it would incur the risk of a revolution. It would be the greatest act of imprudence it could commit to the prejudice of order, and especially to the prejudice of the Holy See. If all the elements of revolutionary combustion in the peninsula have hitherto been kept under, it must be attributed to the passive attitude of the different factions, the hostile contact of which would produce the spark that would set all Italy in a blaze. Opposed to the king of Naples, the champion of absolutism, would stand the king of Piedmont, the supporter of the liberty of peoples. Civil war would have to decide, and anarchy would fatally be the last word of so disastrous an attempt.

The armed intervention of Naples would produce nothing but disasters if it were possible. But it is not possible, for it would be a manifest violation of the neutrality imposed upon all the Italian States. In fact, if the Neapolitan army entered the States of the Church, nothing could prevent the Piedmontese army from occupying Parma and Tuscany. Such disorder would not only be the overthrow of all international rules; it would be, moreover, a revolt against the jurisdiction of Europe, whose duty it is, while respecting the right of sovereignties, to watch over the general order which concerns the safety of its equilibrium.

XI.

There is only one intervention that can be regular, efficacious, and legitimate, —it is that of the whole of Europe united in a congress to decide all the questions that affect the modifications of territory or the revision of treaties.

The competence of a European Congress is established by the principles of international law. For the laws that bind the people of different nations, as well as for those which are obligatory on the citizens of the same state, it is the twofold consecration of public interest and general assent that constitutes conventional right. Practice is in accordance

with the theory, and we know from history that states have been formed, aggrandized, modified, and transformed in virtue of treaties.

It was the treaties of 1815 that determined the political existence of Italy and its territorial divisions.

The cession of Lombardy to France, who again ceded it to Sardinia, was a special act of the will of Austria, which did not affect the organization of the independent states of Italy, as they were constituted at the Congress of Vienna. To alter the frontiers of these states requires a reference to the same jurisdiction that regulated them—that is to say, to all the powers who were parties to the treaties of 1815.

This is what has been done by the reservation inserted in the 19th Article of the Treaty of Zurich, the immediate consequence of which is the appeal to a European congress that will meet on the 5th of January.

The Congress of Paris has full power to alter what was settled by the Congress of Vienna. Europe, combined at Vienna in 1815, gave the Romagna to the pope; Europe, combined at Paris in 1860, may decide otherwise in regard to it.

And let it be observed, the last decision, should it be contrary to that of 1815, would not bear the same character as the first. In 1815 the powers disposed of the people of Romagna; in 1860, if they are not placed under the authority of the pope, the powers of Europe only formally record a *fait accompli*.

The competence of the congress, then, cannot be disputed; for, if it were now denied to be competent, it would be necessary to declare that the Congress of Vienna, the majority of which were representatives of great schismatic powers, had no right to dispose of the territory of Romagna and its population in favor of the pope.

It may be said, perhaps, that the territory of the pope is indivisible; this is an error, contradicted by history. There exists no territory that has undergone more changes and vicissitudes than the patrimony of St. Peter. Given by Pepin to Pope Stephen II., it reverted again to the empire, was contended for by rival claimants, and was not restored to the Holy See till the reign of Louis XII. It was the same with the legations, which, after many struggles, were only annexed to the Roman States by Louis de Gonzaga. Finally, in 1796, a pope, Pius VI., signed at Tolentino a treaty that ceded to France in perpetuity, for him and his successors, Bologna, Ferrara, and the Romagna. The pope equally renounced any rights he might have possessed over the cities and territories of Avignon, and the Venaissin comté that now forms the Department of Vaucluse.

In fact, in 1761, Avignon, which had rebelled against the pope's legate, demanded to be united to France, and an act of the Constituent Assembly effected this annexation, which was only recognized by the pope in the treaty of Tolentino.

Now, either the territory of the Church, as some maintain, is an inalienable and indivisible patrimony that may not be touched—in which case, the sovereignty over the Department of Vaucluse ought to be restored to the pope; or else this territory is, like all others, liable to changes, and then it is permitted to pious, but independent minds, to discuss its more or less of extent. It is well known that nothing compels a pope to cede it; and it is before the most redoubtable force that his weakness is most invincible, when it has right for its protection.

The territory of the papal states, therefore, is no more indivisible than its extent is invariable. Like all possessions, this one is subjected to the influence of events; it is extended or diminished, according as its interests and the general necessities of policy impose changes upon it. In this respect nothing is exempted. Only the spiritual authority of the pope is immutable, like the truths it represents and the doctrines it teaches. As to the temporal authority allied to the other, it, by a superior principle, necessarily remains subjected to all the conditions of human things. To endow with a divinity that which is only human would be to lower the power that is Divine, and give the character of eternity to institutions as mutable and fluctuating as the accidents, the changes, and the progress of society.

All the reasons that are brought forward to impeach the competence of the congress, and fetter its freedom of action, are therefore valueless. Europe, which, in 1815, could sacrifice Italy, can, in 1860, emancipate and save her. The right of acting is the same; the only question is its better application.

As to the special objection that the majority of the great powers being schismatic, they are by that fact alone rendered incompetent to deprive the pope of one of his provinces we reply—since these same powers in 1815 gave them to the pope, they have certainly the right to consider whether they can or cannot have them in his possession in 1860.

What is to be done in the actual position of affairs to conciliate interests that appear irreconcilable?

Two extreme parties are opposed to each other—one wishes to deprive the pope of every thing, the other to give him all. They are two hypotheses equally inadmissible, and both, though radically contrary to each other, would have the same result for the papacy.

We believe there is another course that may be taken. First we wish that the congress should recognize, as an essential principle of European order, the necessity of the temporal power of the pope. That is for us the chief point. The principle here appears to us to have more value than the territorial possession, more or less extensive, that will be its natural consequence. As for this territory itself, the city of Rome includes all that is most important in it; the rest is only secondary. The city of Rome and the patrimony of St. Peter must be guaranteed to the sovereign pontiff by the great powers, with a considerable revenue, that the Catholic States will pay, as a tribute of respect and protection to the head of the Church. An Italian militia, chosen from the *elite* of the Federal army, should assure the tranquillity and inviolability of the Holy See. Municipal liberties, as extensive as possible should release the papal government from all the details of administration, and thus give a share of public local life to those who are disinherited of political activity. Finally, every complication, every idea of war and of revolt must be forever banished from the territory governed by the pope, that it may be said, where reigns the vicar of Christ, there also reign well-being concord, and peace.

It is the task of the congress to effect this transformation, become necessary to consolidate the temporal authority of Rome. As we have before said, this consolidation is absolutely connected with the interests of Europe. As a temporal and divine institution, the papacy has nothing to fear from men; it is eternal. As a political institution it is exposed to all the trials and calamities that impend over all human things. Well! it is important to the security and honor of all that it should not be attacked in the constitution it has received from time and history. Catholic or schismatic, the great powers have the same interest, for the independence of the head of the Church is not only a question of conscience and religion; it is also a guarantee of the moral equilibrium of the world. This great cause, therefore, cannot be indifferent to any one; and we know no cause more worthy of the arbitration of those who are called on to judge it.

Of what avail are any illusions? By a combination of many circumstances, by a succession of causes that go far back into history, the temporal power of the pope is seriously menaced in the conditions under which it is now exercised. It is a great calamity, which we deplore from the bottom of our hearts; but it is also a great danger, which it is the duty of all—men of the world and religious men alike—to lessen, for the good of the

Church as for the interests of Europe. The Holy See is placed on a volcano, and the pontiff, who is charged by God to maintain peace in the world, is himself constantly threatened with a revolution. He, the august representative of the highest moral authority on earth, can only maintain himself by the protection of foreign armies. These military occupations only protect by compromising him. They excite against him all the susceptibilities of the national feeling. They prove that he cannot rely on the love and respect of his people.

It is a deplorable position that only blindness and imprudence can wish to prolong, but which enlightened and respectful attachment requires should be changed as soon as possible. The change is both necessary and urgent, and only the declared enemies, or blind friends of the papacy can resist it. The question is not that of diminishing the patrimony of St. Peter but of saving it.

When France declared itself in favor of Italy, this great interest, the safety of the papacy, was certainly one of the most serious pre-occupations of the policy of its sovereign. The Emperor Napoleon saw that the temporal power of the pope, restored in 1849, and since protected by his arms, was gravely menaced in the conditions of its political existence. He saw that it was necessary to save the papacy in emancipating Italy. God has blessed his enterprise, and has given him the victory; but his glory would be sterile if, in giving its nationality to a people, he did not assure to the Church its security and independence.

The Emperor Napoleon I., by the Concordat with Rome, reconciled anew society and the faith. With the genius of a statesman, and the conscience of an honest man, he raised the altar and restored a worship in this noble France, humiliated by the scepticism, and degraded by the anarchy, which at a period of madness called itself the goddess Reason.

May his heir have the honor in his turn to reconcile the pope, as temporal sovereign, with his subjects and his age! This is what all hearts sincerely Catholic ought to ask of Heaven.

From The Moniteur, 11 January.

We republish from the *Giornale di Roma*, of the third of this month, an allocution pronounced on the first day of the year by the holy father, in reply to the congratulations which were offered him by the General Count Goyon, Commander-in-Chief of the French division in the pontifical states, at the head of the officers of that division. This allocution would, perhaps, not have been pronounced, if his holiness had previously re-

ceived the letter which his majesty the emperor addressed to him on the 31st of December, and the text of which we give below.

ALLOCATION OF THE POPE.

"MONSIEUR LE GENERAL,—If every year we have received with pleasure the good wishes which you have presented to us in the name of the brave officers and of the army which you so worthily command, these good wishes are doubly dear to us this day, on account of the succession of exceptional events which has taken place, and because you assure us that the French division in the pontifical states is placed there for the defence of the rights of Catholicism. May God bless you then—you and the whole French army! May he likewise bless all classes of that generous nation! Prostrating ourselves at the feet of that God who was, is, and shall be throughout eternity, we implore him in the humbleness of our heart to shed down abundantly his blessings and his light on the august chief of that army and that nation, in order that being guided by that light he may walk safely in his difficult path, and more than this, perceive the falsity of the principles which have been put forth in these latter days in a work which may be termed a remarkable monument of hypocrisy, and an ignoble tissue of contradictions. We hope that with the aid of that light, nay, more, we are persuaded that with the aid of that light he will condemn the principles contained in that work; we are the more convinced of it, because we possess certain documents which some time ago his majesty had the goodness to send to us, and which are a veritable condemnation of these principles. It is with this conviction that we implore God to shed his blessings on the emperor, on his august consort, on the prince imperial, and on the whole of France."

THE EMPEROR'S LETTER.

"MOST HOLY FATHER,—The letter which your holiness was so good as to write me on December 2 has touched me deeply, and I shall reply with perfect frankness to the appeal to my loyalty.

"One of my greatest anxieties, both during and since the war, has been the situation of the States of the Church; and, truly, among the powerful reasons which have induced me to make peace so promptly must be reckoned the fear of seeing the revolution acquire every day greater proportions. Facts have an inexorable logic, and in spite of my devotion to the Holy See, in spite of the presence of my troops at Rome, I could not escape from being involved to a certain extent in (*je ne pouvais échapper à une certaine solidarité avec*) the effects of the national movement

excited in Italy by the struggle against Austria.

"As soon as peace was concluded I hastened to write to your holiness, and to submit to you the ideas best adapted, in my opinion, to bring about the pacification of the Romagnas; and I still think that if at that time your holiness had consented to an administrative separation of those provinces, and to the nomination of a lay governor, they would have returned to your authority. Unhappily that did not take place, and I have found myself powerless to arrest the establishment of the new régime. My efforts have had no further result than to prevent the insurrection from spreading, and the resignation of Garibaldi has preserved the Marches of Ancona from certain invasion.

"The congress is now about to assemble. The powers would not disregard the incontestable rights of the Holy See over the legations; nevertheless, it is probable that they will be in favor of not having recourse to violence in order to bring them to submission. For, if that submission were obtained by the aid of foreign troops, it would necessitate another long-continued military occupation of the legations. Such an occupation would awaken the hatreds and the animosities of a great portion of the Italian people, as well as the jealousy of the great powers; it would, in fact, perpetuate a state of irritation, of uneasiness, and of fear.

"What then remains to be done—for it is clear that this uncertainty cannot last forever? After a serious examination of the difficulties and the dangers which the different combinations presented—I say it with sincere regret, and however painful the solution may be—what appears to me most in accordance with the true interests of the Holy See, is to make a sacrifice of the revolted provinces. If the holy father, for the repose of Europe, were to renounce those provinces which for the last fifty years have caused so much embarrassment to his government, and are were in exchange to demand from the powers that they should guarantee him possession of the remainder, I do not doubt of the immediate restoration of order. Then the holy father would assure to grateful Italy peace during long years, and to the Holy See the peaceful possession of the States of the Church.

"Your holiness, I am enlightened to believe will not misunderstand the sentiments which animate me; you will comprehend the difficulty of my situation; you will interpret kindly the frankness of my language, remembering all that I have done for the Catholic religion and for its august chief.

"I have expressed all my thoughts without reserve, and I thought it indispensable to do so before the congress. But I beg your holi-

ness, whatever may be your decision, to believe that it will in no respect change the line of conduct which I have always observed in regard to you.

"Thanking your holiness for the apostolic blessing which you have sent to the empress, to the prince imperial, and to me, I renew to you the assurance of my profound veneration.

"Your holiness' devoted son,

"NAPOLEON.

"Palace of the Tuileries, Dec. 31, 1859."

THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR.

SPEAKING of the papal allocution and the imperial letter, the *Presse* says: "It is to be regretted that the allocution of January 1, 1860, and the letter of December 31, 1859, should have crossed each other, the effect of it being that the allocution does not reply to the letter nor the letter to the allocution. However, the allocution does reply to something. The pope has received from the emperor of the French a few documents previous to the allocution. What did these documents contain? The condemnation of the principles of the pamphlet, says the allocution. Is that a mere interpretation or the affirmation of a fact? We do not know. It is likely to be only an interpretation, for it is impossible to admit, in presence of the letter of December 31, that the emperor of the French has condemned the conclusion of the pamphlet, since he adopts in his letter that same conclusion, that is to say, the separation of the legations. Be that as it may, we know clearly now what it is the emperor of the French desires, and what it is the pope wants. It remains for us to know with the same precision what Italy and Europe may desire. The following are the comments of *Le Nord*: For the last two or three days the political world at Paris has been talking of a most significant reply given by the pope to the congratulations offered him by General de Guyon, on New Year's Day. We now possess the text of that speech, which reaches us simultaneously from Paris and from Rome. This allocution, so little in harmony with the well-known gentleness of Pius IX., has produced in France a painful impression; it is thought that the pontiff has yielded to the influence of those about him, and especially of his minister. We find in our letters from Rome certain details that justify us in believing it. The pope has exhibited an embarrassment not usual with him, and after the departure of the French officers he is reported to have said to one of his chamberlains, *forse ho troppo detto* (perhaps I have said too much). Was Monsignor Antonelli of this opinion? The language which the sacred college has put into the mouth of the sover-

eign pontiff gives, perhaps, some probability to the project attributed to Cardinal Antonelli, that of having recourse to arms, now that Austria has supplied him with an army. He doubtless thinks himself strong enough to do without France now, and the lesson taught to Austria by the ultimatum she sent to Piedmont does not appear to have enlightened the renowned cardinal as to the fate he is probably preparing for himself. To this attitude of the Roman government the *Moniteur* replies this morning by a publication, which is also most significant. After saying that if the pope had been acquainted with the letter which the Emperor Napoleon addressed to him on the 31st of December, he would not have spoken as he did, the official journal publishes this letter, which in the main says nothing more than the pamphlet, which has so agitated the world. Napoleon III. reminds him of the wise advice he had given him before the war, and the adoption of which would have prevented the insurrection of the Romagnas; he then explains the motives that will prevent the congress from authorizing the employment of force to recover the Romagnas; then, appealing to the reason and heart of the holy father, he counsels him to make for the tranquillity of Europe, and for securing a long peace to grateful Italy, the sacrifice of a province which has already occasioned so much embarrassment to the Holy See during the last fifty years. On this condition the great powers will guarantee to him the possession of the rest of the States of the Church. This is doubtless the arrangement alluded to by our Paris correspondent, and said to be approved of by several bishops. In any case what we have just said does not show any very friendly relations between the two governments. It is this state of things which has doubtless occasioned the adjournment of the mission on which Marshal Canrobert was to have been sent to the Roman government. The marshal returns to his command-in-chief at Nancy."

LETTER TO "THE PRESS."

Paris, 12 Jan.

THE emperor's letter to the pope, published by the *Moniteur*, confirms the worst fears of the clerical party. His majesty has definitively adopted the resolution recommended in the famous pamphlet which was published by his orders; namely, to strip the pope of the legations, because he governs them badly. When this solution of the Italian question was put forward in the pamphlet, the Church party stamped and raved: but on seeing it definitively adopted by the French emperor, in the solemn form of an epistle to his holiness, they stand speechless with astonishment.

We may be sure, however, that they will not be speechless long. The pope himself has already spoken: and though the occasion of his speaking was the pamphlet, and not the letter,—in other words the suspicion that the French emperor was about to turn against him, not the positive announcement under his majesty's own hand that he had done so,—the matter of his speech, even in the softened form in which the *Moniteur* has given it, is not only altogether unexampled from the lips of a sovereign, but is in violent contrast to the decorous tone which becomes a Churchman, and still more to the Christian charity of which the pope, as the spiritual chief of the most numerous community of Christians on earth, ought to be, above all men, the burning and shining exemplar. And when such is the key-note, what will the concert be? Doubtless, it will be fiercer clamors, and more virulent threats, and more tremendous imprecations from all parts of Europe than the world has heard for many a day.

The formal rupture between the pope and Louis Napoleon, which may now be considered a *fait accompli*, will lead to a struggle of exceeding gravity, and will have political and religious consequences of the highest magnitude. In the struggle, the pope will probably employ all the spiritual weapons at his command up to, and perhaps including, excommunication; and he will, of course, employ all the carnal weapons he possesses or can borrow,—that is to say his own troops, and the battalions which, under the name of volunteers, Austria has placed at his disposal; perhaps also an army from Naples, and it may be one from Spain. The thunders of the Church and the thunders of artillery, prayers of Heaven and imprecations on man, the fumes of incense and the smoke of gunpowder, the crozier and the bayonet, will consequently be strangely mingled. And when the unseemly strife shall be ended, the Church will be definitively deprived of her temporal possessions, or the French government will be cast down by a revolution; or, what perhaps is infinitely more likely, each will ruin the other, and the enemies of both will carry off their spoil.

The general opinion in France, far from pointing to this latter conclusion, is that the French emperor enters on the conflict with such an overwhelming superiority of force that prompt and complete success cannot fail to await him. And certainly he has at his command the most numerous and most splendid army in the world, and, what is more, the sympathies of that large portion of his own countrymen, who hate the papacy both as a

religious and political institution and pant to see it overthrown. He has, besides, the great majority of Italians heartily with him; and perhaps he may be justified in hoping that the Protestant and liberal nations of Europe will not be against him. But I do not find, so far as I have had the opportunity of judging, that the leading politicians of France, who weigh matters calmly, share the popular view. In their eyes the Church, in the control it exercises over the consciences of all Frenchmen who care any thing about religion, possesses a moral force which is as formidable as the emperor's legions; whilst the fierce fanaticism it can excite in every land to which its power extends, appears to them a set-off to the sympathies of European liberalism. They are, besides, specially struck by the fact that Louis Napoleon is but one man, and that the Roman Church is a corporation; a corporation the most marvellously organized and the most powerful of any the world has ever seen; and they do not shut their eyes to the great truth that whilst Louis Napoleon represents himself alone and battles only for his own personal interests, at least sets his interests high above every other consideration; the Roman Church personifies a political cause and a religion, and combats for principles which for ages were altogether undisputed, and which even now gain the adhesion of some of the wisest and noblest of men.

En attendant the next step in the mighty strife which Louis Napoleon has this week publicly inaugurated, it is worthy of note that the position in which he stands towards the great political parties of this country has been aggravated by his new Romish policy. The Orleanists, though love for the papacy has never formed part of their political creed, proclaim that that policy will create the most serious embarrassments to the nation; and two of their principal chiefs, M. Villemain and M. Sauzet, are actually about, with the general approbation of the party, to publish pamphlets denouncing it strongly. In other words, this party which has long been supine is becoming militant. The Legitimists are, of course, wild with rage at what they call the spoliation of the pope, and they are expressing their sentiments, both by tongue and pen, with a vehemence of which they were hardly supposed capable. The Republicans and the Democrats on their part would undoubtedly rejoice to see the popedom cast down, but instead of allowing their hostility to be lessened by his having undertaken the task, they are more keenly on the watch than ever for an opportunity of overthrowing him.

From The Examiner, 14 Jan.

THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR.

WE trust none of our playwrights will be so irreverent as to make a Christmas pantomime of the pope's situation; but it is very curious to observe how closely the order of events follows the laws of that entertainment. Within the last week the transformations have taken place; the French pamphleteer throws off his mask and comes bounding before the European public as Harlequin Louis Napoleon in person, the type of energy and movement; while on the other side the Roman journalist shuffles off his disguise, and the pope himself toddles on the stage, in his weakness, helplessness, and infatuation the most admirable of pantaloons. Now commences in earnest the business of the piece. Already has his holiness received his first hearty tap in earnest of the more practical buffets which the genius of progress has in store for him before the curtain falls. It would be rash to predict the end, but at this moment it seems as if things were not unlikely to terminate very much as M. de la Guéronnière has indicated, in a grand crash of the pope's temporal sway, out of whose smoking ruins it will be an effective stroke of art to present the Church emerging a lovely spiritual fabric, with the apotheosis of Pio Nono, refined from an earthly ruler into the vicegerent of the monarchy that is not of this world.

Thoroughly in the impotent character of "the sixth age," as much of the papacy as of the pope, is the address to General Guyon, delivered before his holiness had received the emperor's letter, but evidently under the influence of a presentiment that some such paralyzing blow impended. The allocution quivers with decrepit spite. It is impossible to "pity the sorrows of a poor old man" who vents them so sordidly. Like the ill-tempered prophet who incurred the rebuke of his very ass, the wretched pontiff has his mind full of curses, and his mouth of blessings; he blesses the French general, the French army, the French nation, the French emperor, while his heart overflows with spleen against emperor and all. The emperor, indeed, is only blessed contingently, the condition being that the benediction is to take effect on his disavowing the pamphlet, otherwise, of course, to be converted into a malison, a conversion which was not long delayed. Let us hear no

more of the papal dignity after such an exhibition as this. His holiness will evidently not fall like Cæsar. How admirably words of the vulgarest abuse, such as the pope heaps on a publication which it would have been undignified to notice at all, become the pretensions of the highest ecclesiastical personage in the world. Such phrases as "a monument of hypocrisy and a despicable tissue of contradictions" savor abominably of Marlborough-Street meetings and Alderman Reynolds.

On the other hand the composure with which the emperor's letter adopts and enforces the views which he had already put forth through M. de la Guéronnière is that of a man who has taken his high ground deliberately, and may be relied on for maintaining it. The retirement of Count Walewski had already indicated that some such step in advance was to be expected. The emperor had arrived at a part of his work which required a change of tools, and the change which he made was of the best augury. What it meant we now probably know by this further most important development of the Italian policy of France. His holiness is most respectfully but most distinctly informed in this letter from his "devoted son Napoleon," that the Romagna must be given up: "After a serious examination of the difficulties and the dangers which the different combinations presented, I say it with sincere regret, and however painful the solution may be, what appears to me most in accordance with the true interests of the Holy See, is to make a sacrifice of the revolted provinces. If the holy father, for the repose of Europe, were to renounce those provinces which for the last fifty years have caused so much embarrassment to his government, and were in exchange to demand from the powers that they should guarantee him possession of the remainder, I do not doubt of the immediate restoration of order. Then the holy father would assure to grateful Italy peace during long years, and to the Holy See the peaceful possession of the States of the Church."

Such are the terms the emperor offers now. The pope might have had much better, it seems, if he had been wise after the peace of Villafranca; but in his imbecility he must haggle with the Sybil, who trades to this day in Rome as she did under the seven kings.

"As soon as peace was concluded I hastened to write to your holiness, and to submit to you the ideas best adapted, in my opinion, to bring about the pacification of the Romagnas; and I still think that if at that time your holiness had consented to an administrative separation of those provinces, and to

the nomination of a lay governor, they would have returned to your authority. Unhappily that did not take place, and I have found myself powerless to arrest the establishment of the new régime."

But the emperor had not only made the pope his first object after the peace, but further to prove his loyalty and devotion to Rome, he now declares that her interests were uppermost in his mind when he came to terms with Austria. The situation of the States of the Church was among his greatest anxieties. He made that hasty peace chiefly to prevent the flame of revolution from spreading to the Vatican; nor is this the only new piece of information in the letter, for we are now told that the emperor managed Garibaldi's retirement expressly to save the Marches of Ancona from invasion.

This, perhaps, is another friendly hint to the holy father, for he that binds can loose; if the emperor holds Garibaldi in leash, nothing can be easier than to let him slip again at the proper moment.

The emperor, writing on the last day of the old year, speaks of the congress as being about to assemble, but entreats his holiness not to deceive himself in expecting from it the restoration of his revolted provinces. The powers might, indeed, and probably would, admit his abstract rights over the legations, but would almost certainly demur to the use of violence to bring them back to their allegiance. And supposing force to be applied, adds the emperor, to what would it lead? To another intervention of foreign troops, another armed occupation of the same provinces; it would, in fact, perpetuate the state of exasperation, alarm, and danger which has existed too long already for the welfare of Italy or the credit of the Catholic faith.

The emperor may well call these representations "the inexorable logic of facts." But the more resistless his reasoning the more furious will it make the pope and his party. They are disposed of absolutely in this proclamation. It dispels all doubts as to the

policy of France, justifying that policy at the same time in the eyes of every reflecting man in Europe; proving that the obstinacy of Rome itself left the only influential friend she had, since the defeat of Austria, no other course to take. Now would seem to be the moment for the papal government to exhibit the independence which its sympathizers talk of preserving, which implies an existence to be preserved. France will not, Austria shall not, no other power in or out of Italy is in a position to extricate the pope from his difficulties. Let him recover the Romagna with his own troops if he can,—but why talk of the Romagna? Could he hold Rome itself for an hour without the help of the monarch whom he has the decency to denounce in presence of the very legions sent to guard him? The papal government, be it observed, thinks it no shame to owe its safety to foreign iron, but it would be an unspeakable degradation to owe even a portion of its revenue to foreign gold. This, we believe, more than any other proposal of the pamphlet, enraged the holy father.

The only exception to be taken by us to the emperor's letter is the passage in which he offers to bribe his holiness to consent to the repose of Europe, by promising him in exchange for the legations a guarantee for the remnant of his territories. It is quite certain that one power at least would never consent to join in any such engagement. What guarantee, indeed, would serve the purpose, but such a one as exists at present in the shape of General Guyon and his soldiery? And if it be right to support the pope with foreign arms in one rood of his possessions, what principle is there to stand on in refusing to maintain him in his entire dominions? A guarantee in such a case can only mean an armed one, and such peace as arms command would flourish under it, but would not the pope be justified in asking why the same form of the same blessing should not content the Romagna, and be established also under the same guarantee?

WHEN Mr. Adam Black, M.P., commenced the new edition of his *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Lord Macaulay felt so strong an interest in the undertaking, and so warm a regard for his old friend the publisher, that he said he would endeavor to send him an article for each letter of the alphabet. This generous offer the noble historian's failing health and various avocations prevented him from fully realizing; but he sent

five articles to the *Encyclopædia*—memoirs of Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson, and William Pitt—the last being the latest finished production from his pen. As any publisher would have been glad to give £1,000 for these contributions, their being presented as a freewill offering to Mr. Black is a fact so honorable to both parties, especially to the noble donor, that it deserves to be publicly known and recorded.

From The National Magazine.

"I PUBLISH THE BANNS OF MARRIAGE."

BY DR. DORAN, F. S. A.

A CHRISTMAS-WEEK in a nobleman's mansion in the country, where the hearts are as large as the house, and the general arrangements, like the French landlord's wine, "leave you nothing to hope for," is generally a taste of a winter-paradise, which is not awarded to everybody, but which is highly appreciated by those who are permitted to enjoy it.

Well, here is a fine old English mansion, whose very bricks bear a rosy hue of good living and sound port. Every window flings back the light poured down by a bright winter sun, and looks like an eye beaming with refined, yet frolicsome, jollity. Within there is a holiday party,—a whole score or so of gentlemen and ladies of various ages, with no real care to weigh upon the eyelids of any one of them. To do the ladies justice, they look as happy, and bright-minded, and brilliant-tempered, as ladies invariably look,—when they have nothing to cross them. On the other hand, some dire calamity seems to depress the whole body of gentleman; and had they been gazing at an earthquake they might have looked more moved, but they could not have felt more disgusted. The truth is, that they had good cause for being cast down, and full of spleen, and of general dissatisfaction at things as they were. From the host, Sir Edward Moulstang, to the youngest guest there,—a white-cravated lad from Eton,—they were mighty hunters, and *frost had set in!* To men whose happiness is measured by "runs," a frost in a hunting country is desolation; nay, the abomination of desolation. To them "country" means foxes in plenty, hounds that know their business, huntsmen and whips to match, a good "mound," a district where the covers do not lie too close, and open weather. These are at once the essentials of their existence, and the terms on which they consent to live. If the weather be not open, their bowl of human happiness gets unpleasantly cracked. In their despair they approach to something like blasphemy. The rector, who has breakfasted at the hall, has a fine opportunity of delivering to his impatient hearers a homily on the beauty of willing submission; but, unfortunately, the reverend gentleman "hunts," and, naturally, he rails at the climate as ir-

reverently as any of them. Poor creatures! the satisfying philosophy of Peter Bell was not *their* rich inheritance. To *them* a field was not a field, but the men, hounds, and horses that stood in it, or scampered over it under the influences of an ill smell, and the enthusiasm of nothing-else-to-do-iveness.

The unhappy gentlemen in question had left the breakfast-room. They were now assembled in the spacious and richly furnished hall, to which immediate access was had by those who ascended the broad flight of steps between it and a garden, now covered by snow. They stood in groups, like the Girondins just previous to being led to execution. The resemblance was founded, perhaps, on the settled conviction of both parties, that there was nothing now in the world worth living for. Standing, sitting, lounging in easy-chairs, reclining on couches, gazing into the huge fire, staring blankly at the snow, or looking into books which they no more read than Correggio's Magdalen read the volume given her by the painter; a settled, sturdy, solid discontent filled every heart to bitterness, rendered plain features additionally ugly, and converted the handsome and the jolly into people of a very ordinary and unamiable cast. There was not one there who in place of feeling, if not of singing, hymns of praise to the Creator of all the bright wintry grandeur without, did not express his disgust or fling his little shaft of blasphemy, or growl his discontent at the cheek given by the frost to his favorite sport; and yet they had other means of killing their great adversary—Time—or of improving themselves. There was shooting, skating, walking; and there was a library, with a billiard and smoking-room within-doors. But, you see, they had, one and all, set their hearts upon a "famous run;" and in affairs of the heart of that sort, English gentlemen-sportsmen can with difficulty bear up against unexpected disappointment.

When I say that *all* gave audible token of their grief or their disgust, I must notify one exception, in the person of young Maurice Redgrave. He was a tall, handsome, gentleman-like fellow, a younger son of a younger son—not half so rich as Sir Edward's aristocratic-looking groom-of-the-chambers. Eight months out of the twelve he lived with his uncle, the baronet, to whom his knowledge of horses was of first-rate importance. The other four he was erratic. Often he was with the

Marquis of Claysoyle, breaking in horses for his lordship, transacting a world of secretary work for the marchioness, or looking especially after the two ponies of Lady Dora Belville,—the only child of this illustrious pair, and a sort of cousin, that is, a cousin of several removes, to the head of the family; but a cousin, as busy people said, not nearly so far removed from Lady Dora herself. When Maurice was not acting as master of the horse to this noble household he played the part of a man about town. During fourteen hours of the day he was a portion of that tremendous institution called "Society." After midnight, the gold carriage changed to the pumpkin, and Maurice slept at his "lodgings"—a back-room in St. Alban's Court. "He's as idle as the wind," is an expression which does but scanty justice to what is always more or less busy, and never altogether at rest. It was often applied to Maurice, but with equal unfairness. He was a barrister, but had never buried his auburn curls within a wig; and he had no ambition to become a Chancellor, even of the duchy of Lancaster; but idle he never was. I have seen him stand of a Sunday morning, between breakfast and church-time, when no one else was to be seen doing any thing, and for a whole hour he has busied himself in flinging stones from the flight of steps in front of the house in the direction of the great cedar in the field beyond the lawn. I forget the distance; it was something very great, and it was the ambition of Maurice to send a stone clear over that lofty cedar. On one occasion, when he had succeeded in accomplishing this feat about thirty times within the hour, the handsome, simple-minded, busy fellow went to church, through the stables, in the most complacently happy frame of mind that can be conceived.

And now on this morning of general disappointment to a hunting host and his hunting visitors, Maurice, blank and dreamy as he looked, gave no expression to any feelings of wrath against the snow or the frost, or the Sender of them. He confined himself to making "comments on the expletives which issued from the full and indignant bosoms of others." So all he applied some soothing rejoinder, which was generally received with remonstrative growls. He had hardest work with the parson,—an apostolic man, who lived in a Swiss cottage, had a thousand a-year, and thought self-denial a duty in others. But even

the liveliness of the sporting clergyman was toned down by the quiet, if not satisfied, remarks which Maurice made upon the weather.

"It will all be right at last, if you will only occupy yourselves and have patience," said Maurice.

"Hear him!" exclaimed the rector. "If I write three sermons a week, and wait long enough, I shall feel the sun warm in May, and not think the time of waiting a weary one."

"Certainly," rejoined Maurice; "I recommend to every gentleman an object. It's worth while living to experience the warmth of May, even though fox-hunting be then over. If the frost last six weeks, as is likely enough, they will appear all the shorter if you will only fill up the time by useful pursuits."

"There is nothing either useful or agreeable at this time of the year but fox-hunting," said Fred Moultsang, the baronet's eldest son. "Upon my soul," added the young heir, "this is not a country to live in; you can't depend upon the climate, you see. I don't wonder the Claysoyles are gone to Italy. I have a great mind to follow them. They say you can hunt bag-foxes, at all events, all the year round there. What do you say, Maurice, to joining us? You may find an object there. Dora Belville may not have ponies to look after, but you might break a brace of mules for her. Will you come? Can you overcome mules?"

"I think so," said Maurice, with a quiet smile,—he knew his Cousin Fred to be as obstinate as any mule that ever trotted, or refused to trot. "But I am not able to accompany you to Italy. I start to-night for Mecklenburg."

"For the Antipodes!" cried Sir Edward. "Why, Maurice, what takes you to Mecklenburg?"

"Well," replied the younger son of a younger son, "my lord [by this title he always alluded to Lord Claysoyle] has heard of a wonderful pair of Mecklenburg ponies, precisely for Lady Dora, and he has commissioned me to look at them, purchase them, if I approve of them, and take them over to Florence, if I have no objection to the trouble. I have none in the world. On the contrary, I have now an object in view, and so I am happy in spite of the suspension of fox-hunting."

"When, shortly after this speech, Maurice left the moody company to their reflections, they found some amusement in canvassing Maurice's phrase touching "an object in view," and, of course, his friends gave it a mischievous turn.

"Perhaps he has an eye to the embassy," said long Jack Carter, between whose legs the ponies might have passed without touching. "Devilish unfair if he has, for he knows I have applied to be appointed *attaché*."

"Hem!" growled the rector, with a grim smile. "I suspect the young fellow does really intend to be an *attaché* himself."

"What! to the embassy?" exclaimed Sir Edward, with more surprise than would have been warrantable, even had poor Maurice aspired to that honor.

"I cannot say," remarked the reverend gentleman, "but I may ask, without discretion, what would you think of two *attachés*—Maurice and Dora?"

For the first time that day the entire assembly laughed, not at the very low wit and inapplicable French of the rector, but at the idea of Maurice Redgrave,—a man without an income, a fellow who always slept in the worst furnished of the bachelors' rooms at country-houses where he visited, a connoisseur only in horse-flesh, setting up for a judge of womanly worth and beauty, or daring to raise his eyes to such an exalted young personage as Lady Dora Belville!

"Too bad! too bad!" exclaimed young Myteson, of the Guards. "The Redgraves, sir, in the male line, have no blood; they're of a bad tap. Their canting motto—'Recht Graf'—was only given them in derision, not in honor; for no respect, sir, for the Redgraves, as *gentlemen*. No gentleman, sir, could respect them in that light. They are good fellows, and all that sort of thing, don't you see; but they're not *gentlemen*. The tap is bad, sir; the tap is bad. But the Claysoyles, sir, that is another thing! They are Belvilles; they came in with the Conqueror. Their blood, sir, is of the right color. They are gentlemen, sir, and gentlewomen. I respect the Belvilles. Every gentleman must do so who regards blood, and knows what blood does, and what water can't do. I confess, the idea of a Redgrave marrying with a Belville is repulsive to a gentleman."

The dapper little personage who delivered himself of this striking speech was the son of

an ex-lord-mayor, a wholesale cheesemonger, who had procured for his heir a commission in the Guards. He was a brave little ass. He looked upon the descent of his immediate ancestors to trade, as "a derogation," no doubt; but *Mets ton sang*, the device on the shield of the Mytesons, "was a speech, sir, addressed between Pevercy and Hastings by the Conqueror himself to my great Norman ancestor; and our blood, sir, is the right thing, and no shadow of mistake!"

Little Myteson was always allowed to have his own short way and time with the sole subject on which he could speak. When he had run himself out, Fred Moultsang declared, that "setting aside all that nonsense"—which he did not believe to be nonsense,—"he, for his part, thought Maurice might have a heart for a horse, but he certainly had none for a woman."

"Iphigenia lit up a flame in that lump of stupidity, Cymon; and Maurice is not such a simpleton as that," remarked the rector, by the way.

"I don't know any thing about *that*," rejoined Fred; "Maurice is simple Simon enough; that I *do* know. And after all Dora is not such an angel, nor is a simple fellow like Redgrave the man to find such a thing out if she were. How should he?"

"Ah!" said the rector, crossing one leg over the other, and caressing his favorite limb with a very white and plump hand, "don't be too distrustful of Maurice's capacity, and recollect that Balaam's ass recognized the angel before the prophet himself could see the divine beauty. But that's neither here nor there. Thank Heaven, there's luncheon going in, Moultsang; don't forget the Madeira!"

Fame had spoken of the ponies, not beyond their deserts; and when Maurice reached Mecklenburg, he learned that they had been purchased by a German prince for a lady whose skill in driving princes and ponies was notorious, and that they could not now be had for love or money. But Dora was not to be disappointed, and Maurice was commissioned to remain where he was till he could procure a pair of miniature steeds equal in every point to those of his serene highness's friend. In this search Maurice spent a remarkably pleasant time, till May had opened on the year; and then, with a pair of ponies such as all the fairies in Shetland might have

approved, he set out for the banks of the Arno—a mounted English groom leading each pony—and Maurice himself playing cavalry escort. Long and wearisome was the way; and though the fairy horses were good-tempered, their groom was not. Maurice might have driven a squadron of wild cobs before him with less discomfort to himself than he experienced in the management of the pig-headed sub-master of this horse.

On a portion of his route, however, he met with certain compensations for his travelling miseries and his responsibilities of office. In Southern Germany he traversed a district which had been visited a month or so previously by the marquis and his family. There he found that the memory of Dora's beauty had lasted for several weeks, which is a fair immortality for that ordinarily evanescent reputation. It was particularly among the "students" that this memory was kept alive; and Maurice heard from these, at the *Wirths-tafels* of hotels in towns with high schools and universities, of the triumphant progress of the English *Fraulein*. A two-hours' residence in any of these towns sufficed, in fact, to make Dora's beauty an object of worship to all the sentimental, idle young men in the place, and an object, at least, of comment, to say nothing worse, to all the women, including even those pleasant, tender, blue-eyed, and honest-hearted German girls who can well afford to see a sister fair, without doubting the force of their own charming looks and cheerful hearts. These latter, however, soon ceased to merely criticise Dora's beauty. They acknowledged it. They considered it "curiously;" for it was altogether different from their own,—but after consideration, they pronounced it "perfect,"—though, perhaps, not likely to be permanently approved by German gentlemen. These latter exhibited a gallantry on Dora's passage, warm enough to have lasted forever; and it did, till a fresher beauty passed on that enchanting way. At first Dora was perplexed, the marquis scandalized, and his "lady" offended by these demonstrations. Bouquets were placed on Dora's plate at the breakfast-table; and flowers still brighter and fairer occupied the same place at the dinner-table. When she went abroad, a crowd of variously attired students grouped before the doors, quickly disposed themselves in double line, and every young man raised his cap as she passed with

the marquis and marchioness to their carriage. If the day began with flowers, the evening was closed with song; and beautifully harmonized voices from beneath Dora's window not only bade her a melodious "good-night," but the choral homage was no sooner made than the singers quietly wended homeward, leaving her to realize the wishes they had framed for her in song. All this was strange enough to the English travellers, who were, as I have pointed out, variously affected thereby. But this homage was so free from impertinence, so strictly observed within its limits of a respectful yet admiring homage, and that only—it was, in short, so sincere, and, moreover, the not unrefined custom of the country, when the light of a strange beauty dawned upon it, that the courteous gallantry was accepted in the spirit with which it was offered, and without a word passing between the parties each of them was equally gratified. As Maurice became acquainted with some of these details by the way, he felt gratified, too, and did not pause to ask himself wherefore. Why should he? He fully agreed with the Teutonic admirers of the Anglo-Saxon beauty, and deemed himself more fortunate than they in the prospect he had of speedily beholding that beauty again. And so he went on his way, not altogether rejoicing, because of the trouble he hourly experienced through the obstinacy and awkwardness of that peculiarly pig-headed groom.

When Maurice rode into the courtyard of the marquis' villa residence near Florence, "my lord" was leaning from one of the windows, scolding his French *maitre d'hôtel* on a matter touching claret, for which the Marquis of Claysoyle had a very remarkable weakness and an intensely strong admiration. But he was possessed by a weakness and an admiration of respectively increased degree for horses. Perhaps he loved his daughter better than either, or as well as either; if not, Dora assuredly ranked next to them in his regard. Accordingly, he came down from the window and his wrath to welcome Maurice, who had traversed so long a way in order to bring these ponies for his daughter. My lord's love for horses was at inverse ratio with his knowledge of them. Nevertheless, he eagerly examined the newly arrived steeds. He looked into their mouths, lifted each leg, rubbed the hair on their knees, manipulated

their sides, saw them walked round the courtyard, and was as wise as before. They made, however, a decidedly pleasant impression. Ill-groomed, travel-stained, and something weary as they were, the pretty Mecklenburghers were still so gracefully shaped, and so full of vivacity, that it was impossible that they should convey any but a favorable impression, even to the best skilled in the points of a horse. The examination having been made, and the impression conveyed, the marquis looked to Maurice for *his* especial opinion. That Maurice had purchased them was proof enough that they were worth their money, and he had no difficulty in inducing the marquis to think of them as he did. This ceremony having been accomplished, the ponies were led away by the pig-headed groom, who looked more stolid and pig-headed than ever, as an Italian "helper" came forward, all black eyes, white teeth, broad smiles, and "no English," to do the honors, and to show groom and ponies to the stables.

The steeds being cared for, the marquis next took thought for their squire. The latter was as travel-stained as his charge, but he wore therewith the clear, healthy, unbreak-down-able look of a young Englishman of his age, rank, and habits. He was not a man to be done up by a much longer ride than that he had just completed, and he laughed away the idea of his "going to bed directly." He would dress, dine, and after that do any thing my lord chose to require of him.

"Very good," said the marquis; "dinner shall be prepared for you. I dined alone an hour ago; but I will come and take some claret with you. Dora and her mother are in Florence, and I do not expect them home till late."

Maurice reflected for a moment, or seemed to do so, and then remarked that he felt a little feverish after his journey—perhaps tea in his own room would be better for him than dinner and claret; and, in short, he did feel that a night's rest, early commenced, would be of particular advantage to him. And so the indomitable squire of ponies went, like a lazy page, to bed.

On the following morning Maurice was astir with the lark. He was resolved that the ponies should be brought to Dora in the very best condition, and by himself. The bright-eyed Italian helper gave enthusiastic aid towards a part of this end, while the pig-

headed groom looked on, with no other interference save a grunt of very contemptuous quality. When the pretty steeds began to look like holiday ponies again, Maurice went forth to while away the time until the hour of exhibition. There were no signs in the villa of the heads of the house being astir, and Maurice made his way to the garden in the rear of the residence. He had scarcely entered it when the song of a lark high up in the heavens arrested his attention. He was not musical; although he made use of as many opera "boxes" as any young bachelor in London, who was in favor with the owner of a box. But here was another sort of music—one new to his ear, although he might have heard as good, had he only risen early enough, in England. In all bird-dom there is nothing like the song of the lark. Had Ronsard tried to imitate it in French poetry, as he has done with the song of the nightingale, he would have still more disgracefully failed. After all, sweet as is the nightingale, it is a dissipated little creature that wears itself into a consumption by late hours and over-much singing. But the lark, sir! Permit me to observe that there is nothing of earth about him! He is a voice; and *what* a voice! What a voice? The voice of a cheerful angel, carolling in the pure ether at God's good message to man. Ay, follow it, that voice of one of the winged messengers of his Lord! It is more distant, and yet it is sweeter, brighter, more silvery jubilant than ever. And why? Because, as the plumed herald nears heaven, his eye catches glimpses of the ineffable beauty, and his heart all but breaks with exulting song, proclaiming the splendor of the courts of the heavenly King. Strain thy sight, as well as thine ears, O-listener! Thou may'st just discern the quivering wing of the minstrel of the air, gradually descending. His song, too, quivers and melts away, but is never extinguished. The "linked sweetness" is still there. It is only softened for a while, because the inspired songster is in a tremble of delicious ecstasy at the sight and the sounds of the heaven at whose gates he himself hath sung. How sweetly measured is the descent of the minstrel and his lay! You may almost distinguish every trembling feather now; and yet you can hardly catch the honey-liquid notes of his seemingly dying melody. He is but recovering from the sweet pain of his great ecstasy. Earth cures him

effectually of that, and forthwith he wings again for heaven. O happiest of created things, that can at once possess that for which thou longest! Nay, heed him, listen to him now, if thou hast been deaf before. He has shot upwards in rapid circles of song; a pillar of exultation seems building itself in the air; louder and sweeter grows the voice of that carolling angel; and by that overwhelming torrent of tuneful gladness thou may'st know that the winged herald is pouring forth his heart's whole content of ecstatic gratitude at the crystal barriers of his Master's throne.

Maurice, perhaps for the first time, understood something of the glory thus celebrated. There was a slight veil upon his eyes, token of the fulness of his heart; and as he half-turned round, as if fearful of being seen thus affected, there stood beautiful proof before him that there were other eyes that could be attracted, and another heart that had been touched, by the morning music of that carolling lark.

A wing of the villa overlooked the fairest portion of the garden, through one high, single window, oval-shaped, and within three feet of the ground. All that could be seen of the walls of the building was covered by graceful arabesques, in fresco-painting. But it was partially connected by flowering plants and creepers, the fresh and fragrant mass of which clustered in a profusion of fresh leafery, and buds and blossoms of every hue, round the high, oval window immediately overlooking the garden. Within this oval, fairest of pictures in so sweet a frame, stood Dora, unconscious of aught but that almost delirious songster, and with his bright song offering her heart—a bright thing, too—in homage to their God. She was attired in at once the simplest and most appropriate of costumes. A white morning dress of muslin—newly fallen snow could not be whiter—received its grace from her. A lively French artist might have complained that, by concealing the throat (against which it was lovingly held by a tie of white riband, on which dainty Herrick would have penned a century of audacious odes), and covering the arms, the dress failed something in a picturesque point of view. I am not of that opinion, nor are you, courteous reader. Look at that fair girl, before she turns and discovers you and me and Maurice, and say if a French artist could improve her by his professional arrangement of the figure.

The head is raised towards the sky, where the heavenly minstrel has his temporary home. Her eyes are as serene and calmly beautiful as that home of holiness and song. One hand, too, is raised unconsciously—a movement born of delight, and, perhaps, of some fear lest a sound should interpose to mar the ecstasy. The other seems to rest on the slight girdle of white riband encircling a waist which might have rendered Anadyomene envious. But in truth that hand rested on Dora's heart, controlling the tumult of its beating, as the hymn of the lark thrilled it with its beauty. Fra Angelo would have taken her for a saint. And what could look more holy? The very flowers, clustering and pendent, with the dewy leaves amid which she stood less framed than enshrined, seemed to reach and drop and climb towards her, won by her graceful and fragrant presence. There was an incense in the morning air which heightened the holiness and purity of the picture—for picture it all seemed, so motionless was Dora in her long, oval frame of flowers till a culminating outburst of song from the lark shook her with emotion, when slowly bending her head she became conscious of the presence of her Cousin Maurice.

They both came at once to earth. It need not be denied. They were two natural, unaffected people. And they acted just like what they were. They were on friendly terms, and they greeted, each the other, as two friends of such relative positions might be expected and warranted to do. Maurice, indeed, had a peculiar regard for Dora, such as a younger son of a younger son might feel for his cousin—a rich marquis' daughter—provided he says nothing about it to any one, and does not dwell too much on it himself. Dora had no "peculiar" regard for her cousin. She knew him as a friend of the family; an occasional inmate of the house—sometimes for long periods—one who was especially useful to her father in various ways, and who was always willing to be so to the ladies of the family in any way. They now shook hands, asked mutual questions, said something about the song of the lark, and finally discoursed freely on the subject of the ponies. All this time Maurice stood leaning against the oval window, at which Dora was now sitting. On a wish expressed by her, he, as a matter of course, took her by both hands and assisted her to descend lightly into the garden, round which

they walked together. In five minutes the breakfast-bell summoned them to the house. Maurice thought they had been a very short time together. Dora thought nothing at all about it.

Except that the breakfast was a pleasant breakfast, there is nothing more to be recorded of the repast. When it was concluded the ponies were brought round, inspected, and approved. On trying them in harness, however, they did not come off with equal honors. Spirit had been required of them, but they proved to have a little too much; and the necessary virtue here, like every other virtue carried to excess, degenerated into vice. Thereupon was the usefulness of Maurice highly developed. He thoroughly broke in the restive fairy steeds, and taught Dora how to guide, check, and control them at her will. These lessons in charioteering occupied many an hour in the pleasant vicinity of Florence. When Maurice was not engaged in this species of instruction, he was acting generally as master-of-the-horse to the marquis, and often as secretary to both "my lord" and the marchioness. In every transaction in which it was possible for him to act as representative of the marquis, or as agent for the marchioness, he was constantly employed. It was something remarkable to see how this habitually idle young fellow at home, for whom even the prospect of a chancellorship could not act as an incentive to action, became a thoroughly indefatigable man of business abroad. He never seemed weary, from his early morning visit to the stables, when he made notes for the edification of the marquis at the breakfast-table, till the hour when he played his last game of chess with Dora; who, wishing to be perfected in the noble game, as she did in charioteering, could not have encountered a more skilful or a more willing instructor.

In short, this "remarkably useful young fellow," as the marquis was accustomed to call him—perfect in every profession save his own, became domiciliated in the marquis' family. It seemed a mere matter of course. No one had ever thought when he arrived of the period when he might leave. "My lord" daily found him more indispensable than the day before. The marchioness possessed him as her especial cavalier, whenever his escort was needed in that capacity. When Dora drove her sprightly ponies, with

either of her noble parents by her side, Maurice invariably accompanied them on horseback—in the double capacity of friend and servant. He was always at his post, wherever that post might be. He could discuss the merits of the Anglo-Catholic and "Low Church" Fathers with the marchioness; and at the same time allow "my lady" to feel herself so "up" in the hard matters on which they conversed, that she commended him, in his absence, as a man whose modesty, like that of Fielding's Tom Thumb, was a flambeau to his merit. He sat and amused the marquis so admirably over the claret—of which he was as good a judge as he was of a horse, that "my lord" used to say, on going to bed, that if he could put down all that Maurice narrated to him in a single day it would of itself make an entertaining and instructive book. He began to feel that he could not do without his young friend, and having had some thought (out of mere gratitude) of applying to the ministry for some appointment, which would be of essential service to a young fellow of more wit than wealth, he now entirely suppressed the thought, in order the more effectually to attach Maurice to himself.

The marchioness, equally grateful, had for a moment entertained the idea that it might be of infinite service to Maurice to further a marriage between him and the rich old Italian Duchess of Armadilla, whose admiration for the Anglo-Saxons was well known. But then, the marchioness reflected that such a marriage might deprive her of the services of the cleverest young Englishman with whom she was acquainted, and, as far as possible, she determined to keep him to herself.

And Dora? Dora, like a dutiful daughter, agreed with both her parents;—with her father, that Maurice daily poured forth a whole bookful of useful and amusing instruction; with her mother, that her cousin was a clever and agreeable young Englishman;—and, independently of both, that he not only played chess and drove ponies to perfection, could discuss patristic theology, and squire mamma, as if he had been brought up to nothing else, and to those vocations only and especially—but that he had something pleasant to say as from himself, to her, touching matters such as a refined and intellectual man may always safely speak upon with a refined and intellectual girl, as to an equal with

whom to hold honest and open-hearted converse is a great joy. The marchioness, after one of their controversial discussions, proud of her own bearing in it, and half suspecting that Maurice concealed a portion of his own light that hers might burn the brighter, would speak warmly in praise of his delicacy of intellect.

"Ah!" remarked the marquis, on one of those occasions, "that's nothing to his delicacy of palate in judging of claret; but then, he drinks, so little! and so preserves his taste."

Here were two extremes of praise. Dora, who said nothing, and was not addicted to the indulgence of any species of exaggeration of praise or of sentiment, without disagreeing with her parents, even mentally, stopped as she thought at a safe half-way, and was inclined to believe that whatever delicacy of taste or of intellect might distinguish her Cousin Maurice, he was chiefly remarkable for possessing a delicacy that was born less perhaps of the intellect than of the heart. If you had questioned her, Dora could hardly have told you on what foundation she had built up her thought; and, moreover, as I protest against her being questioned, let me lead you away from all intention of so doing, and present you to the Duchess of Armadilla, at one of the marchioness' weekly *soirées*.

The old lady lies on the couch, a decently huddled-up heap of grass-green velvet, much jewellery, a considerable amount of fat, and false hair; each cheek crisped with rouge, and pearl-white scattered on her neck like powdered sugar on a jam-pudding. On her right stands her cavalier, Barchi—a short, sallow, man; rather shabbily, attired, and with coarse, dry, black hair, little cognizant of the means and appliances of "Atkinson." On her left is a middle-aged Englishman, with a jaunty manner, a seedy dress of a five-year-old fashion, a touch of dissipation traceable about him, and with a fixed, inspired look of the most striking and wearisome cast. His name is Clouddy. He has just translated Tasso into English iambics! He does not know ten words of Italian, but that was of small consequence. He paid an English governess to "tradduce" the original into English prose; and then he "overset" this, as the Germans would say, into what he called English "poetry." He is going to be famous one of these days; but meanwhile, as he does

nothing but utter, volubly, strings of high-sounding, unconnected words, with an air of contemptuous compassion for his hearers; and as he, in company, always retains the same position, and never lays down that continual and insupportably wearisome air of inspiration; I will not direct your further attention to Clouddy. The duchess is his patroness, and before being presented yourself to that illustrious lady, just watch the method of her reception of Maurice.

"Ah, Dio mio!" exclaimed the old lady; "I knew your father and his dear brother, when they were over here, years ago. Happy times, those! Nothing so dreadful happening then as happens now. Barchi, my child," added the duchess to her middle-aged, seedy-looking cavalier, "tell the Signor Redgrave that dreadful story—what was it? you know; and my memory is so bad—about that noble, somewhere, who committed bigamy, or something; and killed his wives, or his sisters, or—what was it? Tell us, Barchi, for I have forgotten the horrid story; but I hope il Signor Barone—what was his name?—will be hung."

The Chevalier Barchi looked gravely at Maurice, and with a deep-toned voice announced: "The name of the baron was Blue Beard, and I shall relate his interesting story with pleasure, not unmingled with painful emotion."

"Blue Beard!" exclaimed Maurice; and then inquiringly looked at Dora who was standing near him, and whose eyes were lit up for the moment with as much of the spirit of fun as that of intelligence. Maurice gazed around upon the company, and from various quarters he heard the name repeated, without shuddering on the part of the speakers, and often with a familiar look and light laughter, as if the horror was a comic and customary horror to them.

"Si, si! I remember," shrieked the duchess. "Blue Beard! that is the villain's name. Tell us his story, Barchi. You told it once; but it has slipped my memory."

Told it once! The Cavalier Barchi has told it once a month for the last seven years; but the duchess invariably forgot it before the month expired; and she as invariably listened to the new edition, with all the interest and zest which one gives to a new and exciting narrative. The cavalier on this, as on every other occasion, recited the solemn his-

tory with corresponding seriousness; and Maurice himself became amused as he listened to the earnest gravity of the story-teller, and watched the growing enthusiasm of the old duchess,—how she trembled, and shrieked little shrieks, and laughed little laughs, and supplied action to the words of the monotonous story-teller, and buried her face in her hands at the opening of the terrible chamber, and fairly rolled off the couch in ecstasy when the "brothers" arrived and brought the disreputable marrier of women and slayer of wives to a proper "sense of his situation."

Maurice could scarcely believe his ears; but the sincerity of the duchess was beyond all doubt. Her excellency possessed one book, a missal, which she could not read; and she had one story which she could not remember. The latter always came upon her, on repetition, with delicious freshness, and she fancied that the same delight was the portion and privilege of her hearers. These, accustomed to her weakness, indulged her in her fancy; and the duchess lived on with the confused idea that Blue Beard was an individual of whom she had heard before, but of whom new atrocities had been discovered since last she had listened to, and had forgotten, his eventful history.

That history, Maurice lived long enough in Italy to hear very often; and singularly enough, his experiences of Italian society ultimately induced him to conclude that the poor, ignorant old duchess, and her eternal baron Blue Beard, formed the most harmless portion of it. In course of time he began to entertain an idea that there was something for pity to dwell upon in the circumstance of a young girl like Dora losing the bloom of her English beauty of face and mind in such a society. It was untouched yet, that precious bloom; and besides, what right had he to set up for its guardian and preserver? He had so long been in the habit of rendering every service, asked or unasked, to the marquis and marchioness, which he thought might be agreeable to them, that he somehow fell into the habit, I suppose, of including the friendly guardianship of Dora among his duties of friend of the family. In the latter capacity he had grown into a recognized institution, and the heads of the family, at least, seemed to lean upon him. Indeed, to tell

the truth, in this inclination there was no seeming on the part of any one; certainly not on that of Dora, whose gentleness of spirit and conservative principles naturally inclined her towards recognized institutions—particularly if they were institutions that she loved. If there had not been something of this predisposition here, we may conclude that Dora would never have finally, after long meditation, and even then very timidly, accepted the belief that it might be well for her to reside in England rather than in Italy, and that, the marquis and marchioness not objecting, she might advantageously do so in the new character of Lady Dora Redgrave.

By slow, by steady, by sincere and honest process, this conclusion had been arrived at and joyfully contemplated by both these young people; and this being the case, Maurice at once, as soon as this conviction settled on his mind, presented a view of it to the marquis, with something of the feeling that he was as one defenceless, asking a well-armed man to permit himself to be stripped of his dearest treasure. He presented this particular view at a most propitious moment, over the marquis' claret. Maurice was alarmed at the immediate consequence,—he thought "my lord" was about to fall into a fit of apoplexy. But "my lord" only fell into a fit of the most withering rage.

Ah, the vocabulary of strong words is not a book that any student should open, if he can possibly avoid it! On this occasion, however, the marquis opened a whole library of that forcible style of literature, and employed it all for the torture and annihilation of this impudent younger son of a younger son. Into the head of the latter some distrust had entered, and now he felt almost the "villain" which the marquis declared him to be.

"Villain!" repeated Maurice, with a deprecatory air, and something very like tears welling up to his eyes.

"Well, sir!" exclaimed the marquis, "If you are still, in some measure, the honorable man for which I have hitherto taken you, promise me that you will never ask my daughter to marry without my consent, and that you will never ask my consent to marry my daughter."

"Certainly, my lord," said poor Maurice, "I will never ask my cousin to marry without your consent; but I cannot promise never to

ask you for that consent. I trust that I may yet prove myself of worth sufficient not to be refused."

"Pooh, pooh!" apoplectically blew forth the marquis, who did not like the familiar word "cousin," and still less the consequences that were shadowed forth in its train. "Whenever you so presume, if you obtain any thing but a point-blank refusal from me I am not the man I believe myself to be. And now, sir, we must part."

"One word, my lord; kindly imagine for a moment that future circumstances may seem to me to better authorize my application than my present—"

"And one word, and the last, from me, sir. You have bound yourself not to proceed further without my consent. I will never grant it. Such consent shall never pass my lips."

"That is to the last degree discouraging," said Maurice, "for I know you to be a man of your word. But pardon me if I say that a time may come when—"

"This is downright nonsense, Maurice," interrupted the marquis, cooling a little on the refreshing ground of his decision. "I value you as a friend; I should like to keep you as a friend, but you have rendered that impossible. Do not embitter matters by more words. If my consent were ever asked, and I were not to meet the request by a refusal, you may construe silence as meaning sanction—but such a silence is, in any case, impossible."

Within two days subsequent to this conversation the Claysoyles were on their way to England; whither Maurice found *his* way as best he might. The establishment was broken up, and the hopes of the younger son seemed to have gone the way of the marquis' establishment.

In reality, they *had* gone in that direction; and on second thoughts, Maurice put the fragments of his hopes together, and the recently shattered vase began once more to assume a form of beauty in his eyes.

That tremendous institution, which I have before noticed, called "Society," occupied itself for a time, very seriously, with what did not in any way concern it—the private affairs of the Claysoyles and Redgraves. Society seized on the names and story of Maurice and Dora, and turned that story over and over, and twisted it, and extended and contracted it, and rubbed it, and crumpled, and breathed upon, and polished it, till there was even less

truth left in it than there is in a French bulletin. A sprightly young *attaché* at the American legation declared that, to his certain knowledge, Lady Dora had "given Maurice the mitten." A German envoy from the grand duke of Kleinundstolz had heard, from Florence, that the indignant Dora had "presented the basket" to the audacious young lover. Pretty, brainless, bronzy, fast young ladies,—seated on the Devil's thrones erected by him at Fancy Fairs, talked over this young couple, with pale, shaky, unwholesome, fast, and well-dressed young gentlemen,—in an English interlarded with "slang," repulsive enough to render uneasy the graves of all euphuists and grammarians hitherto at rest in the "silent land."

Meanwhile, Dora, unconscious of how that tremendous institution, "Society" was dealing with her, silently wrapped herself in her dignity, and hopefully waited, making a confidant of no one save her mother, and a close friend of none other save her father. Of Maurice she long knew as little as "Society" itself did, but she judged more truly of him, and still—hopefully waited. The marquis and marchioness kept their own counsel, nourished their own pride, and missed Maurice dreadfully. "My lord" especially, deprived of the serviceable friend of the family, was like a man who had lost his right arm and had not the slightest chance of ever learning how to use his left. Maurice at first hid himself in chambers, and made a resolution to *do something*. He began by languidly reading Jemmy Hammond's doleful elegiacs, and he afterwards painfully got through a considerable amount of pastoral poetry. He found nothing suggestive in either. True pastoral poetry, thought Maurice, has yet to be written, and it will be done by the Californian shepherds, whose wages are seven pounds a-week and roast lamb daily. "Happy fellows!" he murmured,— "but I dare say they work hard for it:" and then he thought how he used to stand for hours flinging stones over the old cedar, or accomplishing other laborious trifles, and thereby wasting a time which, more usefully employed, might ere this have helped him on to eminence in his profession. The question arose, Was it now too late, and more particularly could he by any labor accomplish that end, which the marquis had so peremptorily placed beyond the pale of the possible? He fancied he remembered hearing of two or

three men who had become chancellors, and yet who had commenced a legal career, if one may so speak, comparatively late. He was certain that one of the Catos had not begun to learn Greek till after he was eighty; and Richardson was half a hundred years old before he was heard of as a novelist. There was some encouragement here; but, perhaps, he acquired most by recalling the history of the young blacksmith of Antwerp, who in his lusty manhood achieved greatness in an art hitherto unknown to him; and by becoming a skilful painter was enabled to marry a painter's daughter. But, then, Maurice reflected that there was no art by the practice of which he might become a great peer, and respectable in the eyes of such a marquis as he of Claysoyle. Suddenly the foolish fellow, who all along had been more occupied by the thought of Dora than how to deserve her, remembered that his own profession was the only one which could carry a commoner to the very head of the peerage. The idea that he might take precedence even of his father-in-law—at least of the marquis—moved him pleasantly into the first fit of laughter since he had been in Italy.

Now, if I were writing a romance, it would be the easiest thing in the world to say that, finally, Maurice became lord high chancellor—the long previous assurance of which had gained for him the hand of his cousin. Or I might sweep away his father's elder brother, Baron Redgrave, with all his children, Maurice's father and his own senior brothers; and in this way elevate Maurice to the House of Lords. But truth is not consonant with the former, nor humanity with the latter; and, indeed, with reference to this latter, I should scorn to destroy so many human beings,—two whole families, nearly, for no other purpose than making a peer of the survivor, and thereby facilitating a certain end which he had in view,—and which, after all, he might not attain. Let us keep to facts;—and the simple facts are these.

Maurice put aside poetry, turned his face to the prose of the law, worked,—not like a giant, for these fellows are only strong and always lazy, but like a man of honest determination,—one who intended to merit success, even though he might fail in achieving it. For three years he went through the toil which springs from honest resolution, and never once was his labor sweetened by more

than a glimpse of the bright reward, for the sake of which he endured it. One recompense, however, he had in gradually learning to love the labor for its own sake, and for the glory it brought with it, and—for he was human, and now possessed strong common sense—for the fortune it enabled him to build up. As he began to rise, and continued rising, faster and faster, upon the steps of glory, fame, and success, he became conscious of a great relative difference between the Claysoyles and himself. The aristocracy of intellect was imperceptibly influencing him, and he enjoyed a strong conviction that the builder of a great name and a large fortune was equal in rank to any man who carried five gold balls on a coronet—points bequeathed to him by his sire. His name was, at last, on all men's lips. Wherever there was a difficulty unsolvable by other brains, Maurice was called in to accomplish the end. The courts were made brilliant by day by the flashes of his eloquence, and the senate by night by the glory of his oratory. He was, perhaps, the most remarkable man in all England,—certainly, as honored as any for his talents, his character, and the position he had attained by means of these and incessant labor,—when, after some communication with Dora, through the marchioness, he resumed his proposal to the marquis,—and was refused!

Maurice audaciously smiled as he read the frigidly civil note; and I dare say, if he had not felt that he intended to make the marquis his father-in-law, he would have said something not complimentary to the sense or modesty of that exalted individual. But Maurice now was a man of action—not given to waste time in unavailing complaint of any sort. After breakfast he folded up the civilly unpleasant note, and putting the same in his left waistcoat pocket, as if it were a *billet* to be lodged in the vicinity of the heart, he proceeded to the now common parish-church of himself and the marquis, and instructed the parish clerk, whom he found in the vestry, to duly publish the banns of marriage between Maurice Herbert Redgrave, bachelor, and Dora Margaret Emilie Belville, spinster, both of this parish.

"Impudent!" do you say? and "degrading to marry a marquis' only daughter, as if she were a milkmaid!" Well, I will not answer such remarks, except that as the word daughter signifies "milkmaid," there would be no

particular degradation in the manner alluded to. For the rest, have I not said that Maurice was an honorable man? Possess thy soul in patience, O reader, and doubt not the truth of this assurance.

On the first day of the publication of those interesting banns Dora was unwell at home, and her mother remained to comfort her. The marquis, his head full of airs from last night's opera, and his eyes heavy with the continued work of looking on while his ears listened, was in his pew, from which he would no more have been missing than from his opera-box, in the season. Maurice himself, from some cause or other, was absent. I should not be surprised if his heart failed him. At all events, I know that when the middle of the week had arrived, and he heard no remark as to any incident at the church, from any one present or not present, Maurice felt that the marquis was somewhat as usual, and quite as indifferent as the rest of the congregation to this interpolatory performance. He felt, too, that the ordinary sounds as of grateful relief and refreshment then maintained by the assembly, must have been vigorously in his favor, and that, probably, a stranger had published the banns with the mysteriously charming unintelligibility which marks the interesting and eventful ceremony.

"So far, so good," said Maurice, in commonplace, but comfortable phrase; and on the following Sunday he attended church himself. Again the marquis was alone, and for the same reason—the illness at home. Dora was suffering from a nervous attack, and her mother would not leave her. Maurice suffered slightly from a similar complaint, but by the time the publication of the banns, amidst the usual accompaniments of noise and inattention, had concluded, Maurice had greatly recovered, and looked as unconscious of any interest in the solemn roll-call just gone through as the marquis himself.

The succeeding portion of the week was a long and weary one to Maurice, but the new one came at last—and with the Sunday, the whole marchesa household was marshalled at church. There was a restlessness about the fair invalid, which was very natural, considering the nervous indisposition from which she had been recently suffering. The marchioness, too, looked far from well, but her anxiety and watchings might be set down as

the cause. However this may be, the time came when the register of the candidates for marriage had again to be called over. The Reverend Melchizedek Thickenitt was himself in the pulpit, and when he came to the names of our young friends he made such a pause that, in some degree, the observation of the congregation was aroused. The marquis himself looked up, but as he saw nothing before him that was singular, nor expected to hear any thing particular if he listened to the proceedings then in course, he gave audible demonstration that he had not taken forth his Indian silk handkerchief for nothing. At the same moment the organ uttered one of those loudly unmusical grunts, elicited by a stray hand on the keys and a waggish boy at the bellows, which generally excite a smile throughout a congregation that hath ears to hear. Immediately thereupon, all objectors to any of the unions which had then been proposed were desired to express their dissent then and there, or ever after to hold their peace!

The marquis sprang to his feet, and Maurice, for once in his life, felt as weak as a child, for he saw in the action of the marquis the ruin of his hopes. He was little relieved by marking, however, that the action had been caused by Dora, who, however little given to such things, had fainted away.

There was the usual commotion; but the young lady had been rapidly carried to the outer door, surrounded by her relatives and followed by her own maid, who looked in almost as bad a plight as her mistress. The rain was descending, and there was a single carriage at the door, towards which the marquis looked wistfully, and then immediately sent home for his own.

While half a dozen persons were still busy round Dora, preventing her from getting speedily well, a servant approached the marquis with extreme respect, and presenting his master's compliments, begged to say that his master placed the carriage there at Lord Claysoyle's disposal, and entreated him to make use of it without ceremony. With as little ceremony as was required the marquis took possession of the carriage, and conveyed his dear invalid home, where he rewarded the lacquey, and then asked the name of the gentleman to whom he desired to return his thanks.

"My master, sir, is the attorney-general!"

"The Devil!" exclaimed the marquis, very irreverently, even if he had not so recently left church.

The marquis stayed to hear no more, but rapidly entering the room into which the ladies had entered, and whom he found there alone, he sank into an arm-chair, and seemed utterly unable to decide whether to laugh or to cry. "It's the most embarrassing thing in the world," he said: "we have all come home in Sir Maurice Redgrave's carriage; the new attorney-general."

Neither lady made any reply. Dora, indeed, seemed to shudder a little; and her parents ominously uttered the words "chill;" but, for my part, I strongly suspect that it was a little congratulatory hugging, as it were of herself, at the idea of having at length ridden in such a conveyance.

The three were yet looking in a droll sort of distress at one another, when, to culminate it all, a servant entered with Sir Maurice Redgrave's card. To refuse to see him under the circumstances was scarcely human, and "my lord," hurriedly drawing on his dignity, proceeded to his own room, where Maurice awaited him. Marvellously embarrassed was "my lord," but the handsome young attorney-general speedily set him at his ease, by presenting him with a bracelet which had slipped from Dora's arm in his carriage, and by his seeming readiness to depart as soon as he had inquired after the state of her health.

"I am sure, Maurice—hem!—Sir Maurice, you—that is—I——"

"You have always been a man of your word, my lord, and will not fail to be so now——"

My lord turned pale, sagacious of unpleasantness from afar. Maurice placed in his hands a declaration of the publication of the banns, and seeing the marquis now turn red with anger he gently laid his hand upon his arm, honestly told his honest tale, and wound it up by remarking that all that had been done was, that the marquis' consent had been

asked three times to his face, and in his hearing, and he had no objection. According to my lord's old promise, was Maurice not authorized to take the silence as signifying consent?

Face to face, the two men sat for an hour. At the end of it the marquis' head was bent on his bosom, and tears were silently trickling down his cheeks, for he had yielded at last. He moved away, silently, motioning to Maurice to wait, and he silently returned, leading in the marchioness.

While the new condition of things was being explained to this lady, who smiled as if she had expected such an ending to the history, I would enter into the question as to how far Dora had been cognizant of the novel attempt of Maurice to gain a consent, which was given at last with not more than a graceful reluctance. But remember that poor Dora is alone, and *not* cognizant of the issue! The mother is the first to think of *that*, and at a word from her the marquis took Sir Maurice by the arm, and the marchioness following, they entered the room into which Dora had been first conveyed on arriving from church.

"My child!" said the marquis, with a trembling voice, "here is an old friend who has something particular to say to you, and who will say nothing, I believe, of which I shall not fully approve."

After a few conventional words, the marquis and marchioness withdrew. The latter turned for a single instant, as she passed the threshold, to take a parting glance. Dora was standing in the centre of the room—a marble statue of young Hope—pale, but not mournful; and there was a smile on the face of Maurice, with warmth enough therein to make the pale pure rose, and if sorrow had been there, to convert it into gladness.

"Quatermaine!" said Caross, the great coach-maker, of Long Acre, to his herald-painter; "Sir Maurice Redgrave's carriage must be finished by Thursday. See to the *escutcheon of pretence* to be added to the arms—for Lady Dora, you know, is an heiress."

From The Cornhill Magazine.
NIL NISI BONUM.

ALMOST the last words which Sir Walter spoke to Lockhart, his biographer, were, "Be a good man, my dear!" and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family, and passed away blessing them.

Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the Goldsmith and the Gibbon of our time. Ere a few weeks are over, many a critic's pen will be at work, reviewing their lives, and passing judgment on their works. This is no review, or history, or criticism: only a word in testimony of respect and regard from a man of letters, who owes to his own professional labor the honor of becoming acquainted with these two eminent literary men. One was the first ambassador whom the New World of letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the republic; the *pater patriæ* had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name: he came amongst us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling good-will. His new country (which some people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman, who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own? His books are read by millions* of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her. It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did: to inflame national rancors, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed: to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new: to point out our faults, arrogance, shortcomings, and give the public to infer how much she was the parent state's superior. There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, who preach that kind of doctrine.

* See his *Life* in the most remarkable *Dictionary of Authors*, published lately at Philadelphia, by Mr. Alibone.

But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness. Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for him), he was a messenger of good-will and peace between his country and ours. "See, friends!" he seems to say, "these English are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went amongst them a humble man; won my way by my pen; and, when known, found every hand held out to me with kindness and welcome. Scott is a great man, you acknowledge. Did not Scott's king of England give a gold medal to him, and another to me, your countryman, and a stranger?"

Tradition in the United States still fondly retains the history of the feasts and rejoicings which awaited Irving on his return to his native country from Europe. He had a national welcome; he stammered in his speeches, hid himself in confusion, and the people loved him all the better. He had worthily represented America in Europe. In that young community a man who brings home with him abundant European testimonials is still treated with respect (I have found American writers of wide-world reputation, strangely solicitous about the opinions of quite obscure British critics, and elated or depressed by their judgments); and Irving went home medalled by the king, diplomatized by the university, crowned and honored and admired. He had not in any way intrigued for his honors, he had fairly won them; and, in Irving's instance, as in others, the old country was glad and eager to pay them.

In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. Party wars are perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancor and fierceness against individuals which exceed British, almost Irish, virulence. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hand from that harmless, friendly peace-maker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington,* and remarked how in every

* At Washington, Mr. Irving came to a lecture given by the writer, which Mr. Filmore and General Pierce, the president and president elect, were also kind enough to attend together. "Two Kings

place he was honored and welcome. Every large city has its "Irving House." The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was forever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one.* I had seen many pictures of his house and read descriptions of it, in both of which it was treated with a not unusual American exaggeration. It was but a pretty little cabin of a place; the gentleman of the press who took notes of the place, whilst his kind old host was sleeping, might have visited the whole house in a couple of minutes.

And how came it that this house was so small, when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after life add to the pathos of that untold story? To grieve always was not in his nature; or when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart, and buries it; and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time.

Irving had such a small house and such narrow rooms, because there was a great number of people to occupy them. He could only afford to keep one old horse (which, lazy and aged as it was, managed once or twice to run away with that careless old horseman). He could only afford to give plain sherry to that amiable British paragraph-monger from New York, who saw the patriarch asleep over his modest, blameless cup, and fetched the public into his private chamber to look at of Brentford smelling at one rose," says Irving, looking up with his good-humored smile.

* Mr. Irving described to me, with that humor and good humor which he always kept, how, amongst other visitors, a member of the British press who had carried his distinguished pen to America (where he employed it in vilifying his own country) came to Sunnyside, introduced himself to Irving, partook of his wine and luncheon, and in two days described Mr. Irving, his house, his nieces, his meal, and his manner of dozing afterwards, in a New York paper. On another occasion, Irving said, laughing: "Two persons came to me, and one held me in conversation whilst the other miscreant took my portrait!"

him. Irving could only live very modestly, because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was as a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told—I saw two of these ladies at his house—with all of whom the dear old man had shared the produce of his labor and genius.

"Be a good man, my dear." One can't but think of these last words of the veteran Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good, and, of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family, gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying: in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable with the young members of his callings; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful; one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and pure life:—I don't know what sort of testimonial will be raised to him in his own country, where generous and enthusiastic acknowledgment of American merit is never wanting: but Irving was in our service as well as theirs; and as they have placed a stone at Greenwich yonder, in memory of that gallant young Bellot, who shared the perils and fate of some of our Arctic seamen, I would like to hear of some memorial raised by English writers and friends of letters in affectionate remembrance of the dear and good Washington Irving.

As for the other writer, whose departure many friends, some few most dearly loved relatives, and multitudes of admiring readers deplore, our republic has already decreed his statue, and he must have known that he had earned this posthumous honor. He is not a poet and man of letters merely, but citizen, statesman, a great British worthy. Almost from the first moment when he appears, amongst boys, amongst college students, amongst men, he is marked, and takes rank as a great Englishman. All sorts of successes are easy to him: as a lad he goes down into the arena with

others, and wins all the prizes to which he has a mind. A place in the senate is straightway offered to the young man. He takes his seat there; he speaks, when so minded, without party anger or intrigue, but not without party faith and a sort of heroic enthusiasm for his cause. Still he is poet and philosopher even more than orator. That he may have leisure and means to pursue his darling studies, he absents himself for a while, and accepts a richly remunerated post in the East. As learned a man may live in a cottage or a college common-room; but it always seemed to me that ample means and recognized rank were Macaulay's as of right. Years ago there was a wretched outcry raised because Mr. Macaulay dated a letter from Windsor Castle, where he was staying. Immortal gods! Was this man not a fit guest for any palace in the world? or a fit companion for any man or woman in it? I dare say, after Austerlitz, the old K. K. court officials and footmen sneered at Napoleon for dating from Schönbrunn. But that miserable "Windsor Castle" outcry is an echo out of fast-retreating old-world remembrances. The place of such a natural chief was amongst the first of the land; and that country is best, according to our British notion, at least, where the man of eminence has the best chance of investing his genius and intellect.

If a company of giants were got together, very likely one or two of the mere six-feet-six people might be angry at the incontestable superiority of the very tallest of the party: and so I have heard some London wits, rather peevish at Macaulay's superiority, complain that he occupied too much of the talk, and so forth. Now that wonderful tongue is to speak no more, will not many a man grieve that he no longer has the chance to listen? To remember the talk is to wonder: to think not only of the treasures he had in his memory, but of the trifles he had stored there, and could produce with equal readiness. Almost on the last day I had the fortune to see him, a conversation happened suddenly to spring up about senior wranglers, and what they had done in after life. To the almost terror of the persons present, Macaulay began with the senior wrangler of 1801-2-3-4, and so on, giving the name of each, and relating his subsequent career and rise. Every man who has known him has his story regard-

ing that astonishing memory. It may be he was not ill-pleased that you should recognize it; but to those prodigious intellectual feats, which were so easy to him, who would grudge his tribute of homage? His talk was, in a word, admirable, and we admired it.

Of the notices which have appeared regarding Lord Macaulay, up to the day when the present lines are written (the 9th of January), the reader should not deny himself the pleasure of looking especially at two. It is a good sign of the times when such articles as these (I mean the articles in *The Times* and *Saturday Review*) appear in our public prints about our public men. They educate us, as it were, to admire rightly. An un instructed person in a museum or at a concert may pass by without recognizing a picture or at a passage of music, which the connoisseur by his side may show him is a masterpiece of harmony, or a wonder of artistic skill. After reading these papers you like and respect more the person you have admired so much already. And so with regard to Macaulay's style there may be faults, of course—what critic can't point them out? But for the nonce we are not talking about faults: we want to say *nil nisi bonum*. Well—take at hazard any three pages of the *Essays* or *History*;—and, glimmering below the stream of the narrative, as it were, you, an average reader, see one, two, three, a half-score of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are acquainted. Why is this epithet used? Whence is that simile drawn? How does he manage, in two or three words, to paint an individual, or to indicate a landscape? Your neighbor, who has his reading, and his little stock of literature stowed away in his mind, shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble previous toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description.

Many Londoners—not all—have seen the British Museum Library. I speak *à cœur ouvert*, and pray the kindly reader to bear with me. I have seen all sorts of domes of Peters and Pauls, Sophia, Pantheon,—what not?—and have been struck by none of them so much as by that catholic dome in Blooms-

bury, under which our million volumes are housed. What peace, what love, what truth, what beauty, what happiness for all, what generous kindness for you and me, are here spread out! It seems to me one cannot sit down in that place without a heart full of grateful reverence. I own to have said my grace at the table, and to have thanked Heaven for this my English birthright, freely to partake of these bountiful books, and to speak the truth I find there. Under the dome which held Macaulay's brain, and from which his solemn eyes looked out on the world but a fortnight since, what a vast, brilliant, and wonderful store of learning was ranged! what strange lore would he not fetch for you at your bidding! A volume of law, or history, a book of poetry familiar or forgotten (except by himself who forgot nothing), a novel ever so old, and he had it at hand. I spoke to him once about *Clarissa*. "Not read *Clarissa*!" he cried out. "If you have once thoroughly entered on *Clarissa*, and are infected by it, you can't leave it. When I was in India, I passed one hot season at the hills, and there were the governor-general, and the secretary of government, and the commander-in-chief, and their wives. I had *Clarissa* with me: and, as soon as they began to read, the whole station was in a passion of excitement about Miss Harlowe and her misfortunes, and her scoundrelly Lovelace! The governor's wife seized the book, and the secretary waited for it, and the chief justice could not read it for tears!" He acted the whole scene: he paced up and down the Athenæum library: I dare say he could have spoken pages of the book—of that book, and of what countless piles of others!

In this little paper let us keep to the text of *nil nisi bonum*. One paper I have read regarding Lord Macaulay says "he had no heart." Why, a man's books may not always speak the truth, but they speak his mind in spite of himself: and it seems to me this man's heart is beating through every page he penned. He is always in a storm of revolt and indignation against wrong, craft, tyranny. How he cheers heroic resistance; how he

backs and applauds freedom struggling for its own; how he hates scoundrels, ever so victorious and successful; how he recognizes genius, though selfish villains possess it! The critic who says Macaulay had no heart, might say that Johnson had none: and two men more generous, and more loving, and more hating, and more partial, and more noble, do not live in our history.

The writer who said that Lord Macaulay had no heart could not know him. Press writers should read a man well, and all over, and again; and hesitate, at least, before they speak of those *aidoia*. Those who knew Lord Macaulay knew how admirably tender, and generous,* and affectionate he was. It was not his business to bring his family before the theatre footlights, and call for bouquets from the gallery as he wept over them.

If any young man of letters reads this little sermon—and to him, indeed, it is addressed—I would say to him, "Bear Scott's words in your mind, and 'be good, my dear.'" Here are two literary men gone to their account, and, *laus Deo*, as far as we know, it is fair, and open, and clean. Here is no need of apologies for shortcomings, or explanations of vices which would have been virtues but for unavoidable etc. Here are two examples of men most differently gifted: each pursuing his calling; each speaking his truth as God bade him; each honest in his life; just and irreproachable in his dealings; dear to his friends; honored by his country; beloved at his fireside. It has been the fortunate lot of both to give uncountable happiness and delight to the world, which thanks them in return with an immense kindness, respect, affection. It may not be our chance, brother scribe, to be endowed with such merit, or rewarded with such fame. But the rewards of these men are rewards paid to *our service*. We may not win the baton or epaulettes; but God give us strength to guard the honor of the flag!

* Since the above was written, I have been informed that it has been found, on examining Lord Macaulay's papers, that he was in the habit of giving away more than a fourth part of his annual income.

From The Home Journal.

MISS HOSMER'S ZENOBIA.

YOUR entertaining journal seldom fails in cordial recognition of whatever indicates progressive tendencies in the education and character of women. Therefore, you cannot be otherwise than deeply interested in Harriet Hosmer, spiritually the twin-sister of Rosa Bonheur, of whom one of your correspondents lately gave such a graphic and lively sketch.

When I parted from Miss Hosmer, on her return to Rome, in 1857, her mind was completely occupied with planning a statue of Zenobia in chains, as she appeared in the triumphal procession of Aurelian. The personal beauty and proud bearing of that great Queen of the East rendered her an admirable subject for sculpture; and the costume of the place and period was also extremely favorable to artistic purposes. But the earnest young sculptor foresaw many obstacles in the way of success. The action of walking would obviously be very difficult to render gracefully and naturally in marble; and it required genius to conceive and embody the expression suitable to the Majesty of Palmyra under such painful circumstances. I said to myself, "If my enterprising and energetic young friend accomplishes this task well, she will assuredly deserve a place in the world's history."

She has accomplished it well. I am sure that would be your prompt verdict, if you could see a photograph of the completed statue, which I received from Rome last week.

She has worked at this great statue with such intensity of purpose, and such untiring labor, that physicians sent her into Switzerland to save her life. The production is worth all the concentrated thought she has bestowed upon it. It far surpasses any thing she has hitherto done. Many women, if they had accomplished half as much, would think they had a right to put up at the Hotel de l'Univers, and do nothing during the remainder of their natural lives, but repose on their laurels, and be lionized by visitors. But Miss Hosmer is not one of that stamp. Her soul is so ab-

sorbed by an intense love of art, that she will never be satisfied with any stopping-place on the ladder of excellence.

The statue of Zenobia is larger than life size. The head is covered with a helmet, fashioned like a tiara in front, suggested by a medal of the Palmyrean Queen in the British Museum. Under this, in keeping with the royal costumes of the East, is a gemmed fillet, the ends of which fall among her curls, and meet in a pleasing line, the ornamented cincture crossed upon the breast. The left hand clutches the chain fastened to her wrist by manacles in the shape of bracelets. On the right arm, which falls naturally and easily by her side, is visible a thin sleeve looped up in the Amazonian fashion. Over this first dress is a shorter robe of thicker material. The ample folds of a rich mantle, fastened on the shoulders with gems, breaks up the monotonous outline of the more closely fitting garments. The whole costume is a charming combination of Grecian grace with oriental magnificence. In the position of the feet and limbs, the artist seems to me to have accomplished the exceedingly difficult task of making a just poise between action and repose. It indicates precisely the slow, measured tread natural to a stately person walking in a procession. The expression of the beautiful face is admirably conceived. It is sad, but calm, and very proud; the expression of a great soul, whose regal majesty no misfortune could dethrone. Miss Hosmer, in a letter accompanying the photograph, writes: "I have tried to make her too proud to exhibit passion or emotion of any kind; not subdued, though a prisoner; but calm, grand, and strong within herself." I think the public will agree that she has successfully embodied this high ideal of her superb subject.

Are you not glad a woman has done this? I know you are; or I would not have written to you of my own delight in this great performance of our gifted countrywoman.

This grand specimen of modern sculpture is now at Rome, in the Academia dei Quiriti. It will be exhibited a short time in London, and then brought to this country.

L. MARIA CHILD.